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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

DECEMBER, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II. DECEMBER, 1868. Vol. VI.

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Feb 68—1yr

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II. DECEMBER, 1868. Vol. VI.

DIARY OF LIEUT. COL. HUBBELL, OF 3D REGIMENT MISSOURI INFANTRY, C. S. A.

[Leaves from the journal of Lieut. Col. Finley L. Hubbell, 3d regiment, Missouri Volunteers; kept while he was battling for the Confederate cause. He laid his *all*, even his noble, stainless life, upon the altar of his country's freedom, but alas! his, was only *one*, of the many generous sacrifices that were made in vain.]

Camp near Tupelo, Miss.,
June 24th, 1862.

This morning, General Bragg came over, and reviewed the Army of the West.

June 25th.—One year ago, our raw, ragged, Missouri army left Cowskin prairie, and took up the line of march towards Springfield. What an age of events has crowded into the intervening space of time! what will another year bring forth?

* * * * *

July 18th.—Lieut. Burnside died to-day about 11 o'clock.

It is very sad indeed to have, good, noble-hearted, and brave soldiers to fall thus, in a strange land, and be buried among strangers, to sleep until the last call—at which, both soldiers and citizens, from every part of the habitable globe, must come forward, in an awful parade, to receive the awards, made for their deeds, be they good or evil. Peace to the ashes of the brave, heroic Lieut. Burnside!

July 19th.—We buried Lieut. Burnside in a pasture belonging to Mr. Cassidy, near Saltillo.

* * * * *

Camp near Baldwin, Miss.,
Sept. 11, 1862.

Up by daylight preparing to start; had much trouble getting wagons loaded. Our regiment left, as usual, as rear guard.—* * * One year ago we were marching from Warrensburg to Lexington, Missouri. I can only wish we may be as successful in *this* expedition as *that*. But alas!

many good, brave and gallant men, who were with us then, have fallen bleeding sacrifices to their patriotism. But we will yet avenge them or many more will go to meet them, where oppression is never felt. At twelve o'clock, we moved out in rear of the train; had a very tiresome and tedious march—wagon masters, teams and teamsters all raw. Moved about twelve miles and stopped in a bottom near Marietta. * * * * *

Sept. 13, 1862.—Halted to cook up a day's ration to move on to Iuka, where it is reported Gen. Armstrong has encountered a large force of the enemy, driving in their pickets. * * * *

Sept. 14.—No news of the enemy until we arrived in two or three miles of town, when Gen. Price's Aid rode back with the information that the Federals had evacuated the place in much haste, leaving large amounts of commissary and other stores, which on reaching town, we found to be true; captured a number of prisoners, and a good many contrabands. The men, all much fatigued, and in want of sleep, went into bivouac near town. Got a good many Northern papers of recent date, from which it appears the people are as deluded as ever.

Iuka, Sept. 15, 1862.—Spent the morning reading Northern papers and Yankee letters, of which we picked up quite a quantity. A number of prisoners brought in, and numbers of negro children that had been most inhumanly abandoned in the woods on the side of the road by these inhuman, Yankee, pretended, philanthropists. Their atrocities are disgraceful to civilization. In one neighborhood we passed through, they had burned every house, and in one instance the occupants in it.

This evening, reports came in that they were moving back this way, and we were ordered out, and bivouacked in the woods about a mile from town.

Sept. 16.—Moved into camp this morning. * * * About 4 o'clock in the evening, the Federals ran in our pickets, and commenced firing artillery in a mile or so from town. We quickly fell into line, marched out, formed line of battle, and lay on our arms all night.

Sept. 17.—Remained all day in line of battle—very uncomfortable in the drenching rain. I rode out three miles on Burnsville road, no force of the enemy to be seen.

Sep. 18.—The anniversary of the battle of Lexington, which resulted so gloriously for Missouri arms.

We are now lying on our arms, waiting and inviting an attack by Gen. Rosecrans. * * * * *

Sept. 19.—Last night, we had just laid down and got into the first sound sleep when we were ordered to get into line and march out immediately; we were quickly en route for the field of battle, or any other emergency. Moved about two and a half miles west of town, stacked arms, and lay down in the cold dew to sleep. * * * * * * *

Returned to Gen. Little's headquarters, and found him very anxious, having just heard of the advance of the enemy on the Jacinto road. He ordered General

Hebert, 2nd brigade, Col. Martin, 4th brigade, to move rapidly in that direction. In a short time our bugle sounded the assembly, and we were informed that the 2nd and 4th were encountering the enemy, near town, on the Jacinto road. We took a double quick for the scene of action, and soon the sound of artillery and musketry announced that a terrible conflict was going on in front. Pushing rapidly forward, we reached the ground just as darkness closed the conflict for the night; our forces having driven the enemy three-fourths of a mile, capturing six pieces of artillery in a brilliant charge. Our loss was heavy, but from the appearance of the field, the enemy's much heavier.

Gen. Little, commanding division, was killed almost at the commencement. About 9 o'clock we were moved up, and relieved 2nd brigade, and lay on our arms not over one hundred yards from the opposing forces; our guards bringing in several prisoners during the night.

The horrors of war and battle-fields are terrible. All night we could hear the cries, yells, and prayers of the wounded and dying around us, without the power of relieving their distresses, being just between the opposing lines.

Sept. 20th.—A little before day this morning, we were ordered to withdraw quietly from our position, and fall back towards town. Moved out just as day began to break. * * * * *

Finally, without loss, or other casualties, we commenced moving off rapidly, on the Tuscumbia and Fulton road. Traveled about twenty miles, the enemy coming up in our rear, and once, attacking our rear guard, were repulsed. Bivouacked for the night, very tired.

* * * * *

Sept. 23d.—Our trip accomplished, and we are again in camp at Baldwin. But I am totally at a loss, as well as every body else, to know what we accomplished by it.

(Gen. Price informed Colonel Pritchard, that the movement on Iuka was not his, but made, in obedience, to orders from the War Department,—M. F. P.)

CORINTH.

Sept. 29th.—Received orders to cook up three days' rations, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. One year ago to-night, I spent the last night at home, with loved friends. Shall I ever meet them again? Will this unhappy and horrible war ever cease?—Shall the brave Southern hearts, engaged in battling for freedom, from oppression and wrong, gain their independence, or be exterminated? Time alone can tell. Got ready to move about sundown. Took up the line of march and reached Ripley, about 9 o'clock, where we bivouacked for the night. Formed junction with Gen. Van Dorn.

Oct. 2d.–Took the Corinth road, a very puzzling move for me. Moved on to within ten miles of Corinth, and bivouacked in line of battle.

Friday, Oct. 3d.—Fell into line about day-light, and moved to within three or four miles of Corinth, and formed line of battle

about 12 o'clock. Firing commenced from a battery on the breastworks, returned by our artillery, when a general artillery duel commenced, without other damage to us, than the loss of Lieut. Sam Farrington, of St. Louis, Lieutenant of Wade's battery, an intimate friend, and one of the noblest spirits of the war, beloved by all who knew him. He was shot by a twenty-four pound cannon rifle ball. An honored soldier, buried on the field of Corinth. Half-past 12, we were ordered to move forward on the breast-works, when, with an enthusiastlc shout from the entire line, the first brigade, with the third and fourth on the left, moved forward; having an almost impassable abattis to pass, which, if it had been properly defended, would have proved desperately fatal, but from some cause, we met with small resistance, the enemy flying from their position, before our men got close enough to do them much damage. We captured a fine battery of artillery on the breastworks. Our loss in the brigade was small, none in our regiment. Col. Martin, a gallant officer, commanding the 4th brigade fell, mortally wounded. After crossing, rallying and drawing up our lines, we moved forward, but encountered no resistance, until about 4 o'clock in the evening, the 3d brigade, under Gen. Greene, became engaged, and a very hotly contested fight ensued, lasting, furiously, for about two hours, forcing back the enemy, and holding their position until night. The loss in the 3d was very heavy. Colonel McFarland dangerously wounded; Col. Irwin mortally wounded; Lieut. Col. Hudspeth mortally wounded; and the gallant Major Joe. Vaughn killed. When the engagement with the 3d was going on, the 1st brigade was placed so as to support it, our position being a few hundred yards in rear, under cover of a ridge, where the minnie balls whizzed over our heads in showers. We were next moved round to flank the enemy, and support Gen. Greene, on the left, but got around too late to render much assistance. It being late in the evening, we were put into position on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where we lay on our arms for the night, prepared for a desperate battle in the morning. The movements of our army as far as I could learn, were highly successful, having driven the enemy from every point to-day. So closed the operations of the first day's fight.

Oct. 4th, 1862.—After a sleepless night to me, the morning was ushered in by the booming of artillery from the opposing lines, we, still in position behind the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. The sun rose fair and brilliant on the field in front, soon to become crimsoned with gore, from the best blood of the bravest hearts of a once united brotherhood; but now, alas! arrayed in deadly hostility to each other. What a shame to humanity and civilization! when will these horrors cease? The sharp-shooters were constantly skirmishing in front, but our regiment had only one wounded by them, *Lieut. John H.*

Sterne, badly, in head and arm. Gen. Greene, who had been placed in command of the division, ordered the brigade all to be ready to charge simultaneously. The word was given at about 9 o'clock, when, with a wild shout, our whole brigade jumped swiftly across the railroad, and charged towards the enemy's line, met by a most terrific fire of infantry, grape, bomb, ball, and all other kinds of shot. But, through smoke, fire, and dust the gallant Missourians moved on, right forward to the breast-works, from which they were pouring forth a perfect storm of canister and minnie balls, with battery, both from the right and left, cross-firing upon us. But onward—with shouts of forward! waving of swords—firing of guns—on—they went. Col. Cockerill on our left captured and silenced a battery; while onward went our *glorious third regiment right up to the breast-works;* when the enemy became panic-stricken, and from behind the breast-works commenced to break away. Soon we were in the ditch, pouring balls into them. Several of our brave regiment fell before reaching there; but nobly stood the little band, amidst the booming of artillery, and fire of musketry. Some of our opponents stood bravely, ineffectually trying to rally and lead back their retreating columns. Never will I forget the sight that now presented itself to my eyes as I stood upon the breast-works. That our small force had obtained the position they now occupied, could hardly be believed; around us stood about forty pieces of artillery, deserted by the enemy. By this time several of our brave officers lay dead at my feet in the ditch below. Lieut. Duval who died waving his sword and shouting "*victory!*" and Lieut. Bradshaw, of Company D., who nobly led forward his column, were struck instantly dead. Lieutenant Adams and Capt. C. Kemper, of Company G., wounded. Captains McDowell, Samuel Price both wounded. Lieut. Col. Gaure had been disabled on the field and did not reach the fortifications. Col. Pritchard had received a severe wound in the shoulder; he had dismounted from his horse, right up at the breastworks, and was waving his sword cheering on his men, when he received a minnie ball in his shoulder; and I forced him to leave the field. The command of the regiment had now devolved upon me, and with deeper mortification and regret than I ever before experienced, I noticed that no reinforcements came to our assistance, and that the lines on our right were beginning to falter, after we had, by the most exalted valor and desperate charge on record, won the whole day.—But on threads hang the decision of battles—and the fate of armies. A panic seemed to seize all the men on the right and left, until I stood alone, with only about fifty of my own brave boys, who all offered to die with me. But I thought it would be sacrificing their lives to no purpose, and finally gave the painful order to fall back, which was obeyed. And our gallant boys, almost exhausted, reached the Railroad. * * It soon became evident, from the appearance of the troops we met,

that we would have to retreat under the most galling and trying circumstances; our wounded lining the roads, making the heart bleed with sympathy. I found that Col. Pritchard had been sent forward in an ambulance. Left our assistant surgeon, Chew, at the hospital to attend to the wounded, and with the remnant of the regiment, we commenced our dispiriting retreat, having done the most brilliant and unexampled fighting. But even the desperate valor of our troops failed against the superior number and position of our opponents. I fear the disaster will be a national one. But it certainly was at a terrible hazard we made the attack. Saw Col. Pritchard this evening on the road, and fear he is very badly hurt. But he has spirit and determination enough in him to bear any thing. He is a brave, cool, honest and just man, and cannot well be spared. May Heaven protect and preserve him.

Camp near Holly Springs,
Oct. 20, 1862.

A messenger arrived this morning with the painful intelligence that Col. Pritchard was much worse, and would probably not live until I could reach there. I immediately made preparations to go down with Dr. Allen and Prof. Rogers to see him. Took the train at 7, p. m. and got down to the depot at Coffeeville at 11 o'clock at night, where we received the painful intelligence that our brave and loved Colonel had breathed his last about 12 o'clock. Alas! what a sad and irreparable loss to us! It seems as if all the dearest and best friends I have are to be sacrificed in this terrible war. Of the three field officers of our regiment at its organization, the other two have been killed by my side, and I, who am of the least value, have been spared. I am determined to strive to prepare for the same fate.

Coffeeville, Oct. 21st.—Early this morning, with Dr. Allen and Prof. Rogers, took a wagon, and rode out to where the body of our noble friend lay, at Mr. Pearson's in Yallabusha county, about six miles from Coffeeville. After reaching there, went in and took a view of the lifeless body of the dear friend who had been my constant companion for so long in camp, on the march, in the hasty bivouack, and on the exciting and dangerous field of battle. From friends that were with him, I learn that he had died as he lived, calm and fearless, perfectly confident that he was going home to rest, where cruel war, strife, and turmoil should disturb him no more. We buried him in the grave-yard at Coffeeville. In the land of strangers, the departed, noble and heroic soldier sleeps his last sleep. Would I could be laid beside him, with the same faith in a joyful awakening in the last great day. I *will* try to meet him where all is peace and joy forever.

Near Holly Springs, Oct. 31st.—Mrs. Pritchard, wife of our late, lamented and loved Colonel, arrived in camp this morning. Oh! how sad and heart-breaking to meet her. She had encountered innumerable perils and hardships,

having come alone and unattended through the Federal lines by way of Corinth, with the bright hope of meeting the loved object that was all the world to her—to receive suddenly upon arriving at Gen. Price's head-quarters the heart-breaking intelligence that *her loved one was gone!* That never, never more could she clasp him to her bosom! That his strong, manly arm was now powerless to protect her. Alone, among strangers, in a distant land, with no sympathizing female friend to soothe and console her. Oh! how my heart bleeds with sympathy for her. Alas! I am powerless to console her, but with a brother's interest will I attend her. Only He, who can bind up the broken heart, can alleviate her distress. She wished to go to his grave, with the friends that were with him in his last hours. So sorrowfully we took the train, and arrived at Coffeeville at 11 o'clock. Got her a room, and retired into the next room; but there was no rest for the poor, heart-broken, agonized wife of my lamented friend. All night I could hear her walking the floor in grief too poignant for utterance.

Coffeeville, Nov. 1st, 1862.—I was again shocked by the painful intelligence of another gallant and noble officer's death, Captain Kemper, who died about 10 o'clock, yesterday. Thus they depart one after another, the brightest spirits amongst us.—Got news yesterday of the death, at Iuka, of Lieut. J. H. Sterne, first lieutenant of company C., a brave young officer, who has been our constant companion in arms, for the last eighteen months.—Major Mellen took Mrs. P. to the grave of her martyred husband, while I went to pay the last visit to the remains of the gallant Capt. Kemper. Oh! how his mother will mourn for her lost son. We buried him by the side of our revered Col. Pritchard. In the grave-yard at Coffeeville, the two gallant comrades-in-arms lie side by side. Buried in soldiers' graves, far away from the homes and friends they loved so well. May strangers in after years tread lightly on their graves—they are honored dead. * * * *

Coffeeville, Jan. 13, 1863.—My thoughts, even in gayety, would turn in sadness to the last time I was here. And to the memory of the bright, beautiful and accomplished Miss Jenny Bridges, then full of life and gayety, full of bright hopes for the future; now, alas! she sleeps in the same quiet little graveyard with my lamented friend and leader, Col. Pritchard. A very short time ago she stood with me by the grave and promised, with early spring, to visit his grave again and plant on it the fairest flowers of the sunny south. Oh! what a striking proof is this that the youngest and loveliest of earth's fair daughters are not exempt from the relentless tyrant '*death!*' Like a beautiful young rose just opening its delicious colors, she was cut down. Her image will not soon fade from my memory. She had treated me with marked kindness, and had made a deep impression upon me. Had she lived my history and destiny might have been closely linked with hers. But

like a sweet dream she has passed away. * * * And may her young spirit rest where it will find more congenial associations with the bright angels above. She was too pure and bright to linger longer here.

Near Vicksburg, Feb. 12, 1863—One year ago to-day we left our winter quarters at Springfield, Missouri, on our hasty retreat.—What a history crowds itself in the interval since then! Many a brave spirit of our Missouri army, who left with us on that eventful occasion, now fills an honored, lonely soldier's grave. First, my warmest personal friend, Col. B. A. Rives, fell gloriously on the field of Elkhorn. With him, Lieuts. Bingham, Company A., Glasscock, company F., Sergeant Simpson of Company E., and numbers of other patriot heroes, there poured out their life blood on the altar of liberty. Since then Lieut. Gunn and several other noble heroes lie under the sod in the vicinity of Rienzi. At Priceville, Ed. Bowen and young Mason, a favorite soldier of my own company, are sleeping. The turf at Saltillo covers the stalwart form of the brave Lieut. Burnside. While on the historic battle ground of Corinth were left for a soldier's burial, the chivalrous Lieut. Duval and Bradshaw, Haston of Company F., and many other brave and honored soldiers. At Iuka, of wounds received in the same terrible conflict at Corinth, repose the earthly remains of Lieut. John H. Sterne, of Company C., John D. Price, of Company D., (my own cousin,) and many others. Oxford contains the grave of another one of my favorite soldiers, the bright, enthusiastic Henderson, and young Ben. T. Cleaveland, a high-spirited boy. Whilst in Coffeeville sleep the gallant Capt. J. W. Kemper, and Col. James A. Pritchard, both of wounds received on the bloody field of Corinth. I laid them both to rest. A marble slab marks the resting place of the gallant soldiers.—Mississippi soil covers no more gallant or heroic dead than ours. May strangers pause and cast a kind regret over the graves of the fallen heroes, who fell far away from home and friends, battling for a principle dearer to them than life, and valuable to their survivors. When our liberty is gained it will have cost a precious boon. Sleep on, my gallant comrades, sleep! many more of us will yet join you, before accomplishing the object for which *you* struggled.

* * * * *

Grand Gulf, March 10, 1863.—Beautiful time of year, trees budding out and all nature seems to be putting on her blandest smiles. What a shame it is that a whole nation, boasting more enlightenment than any other, should be exhausting all its energies in this relentless, unhappy, and unnatural war.

Grand Gulf, April 26th, 1863.—This is my birth-day! thirty-three years old to-day. How time flies! I am now in the meridian of life. And alas! what a profitless life I have lived. I can scarcely realize that so many years have passed over me. What will another eventful year bring forth?

THE LAST LEAF.

On the Big Black, May 5th, 1863.—Resting up a little to-day. Ordered to cut down our baggage to nothing. The boys keep up their spirits though, through all difficulties. Noble fellows, they deserve to be made famous in all time to come. Our future looks dark, but surely freedom's battles once begun, can but end in victory.

This is the last leaf, gentle reader of "The Land We Love," of the journal of the generous, whole-souled "Hubbell;" written at odd times in the soldier's life, upon the hasty march—by the camp-fire, and never intended by him, for *your* eye, for his unassuming modesty was only excelled by his great merit. But he is gone now—numbered with the other "Confederate dead," he so affectionately remembered in these leaves; and *I* take the liberty of giving them to *you*, recording as they do, the unflinching energy of our Missouri army, and also revealing much of the inner-life of their noble writer; tender, loving, pure, true and brave.

Soon after this last leaf was written, on the 16th of May, 1863, Lieut. Col. Hubbell received a wound in the arm, in the battle of Champion Hills, from which he *died*, June 3d, 1863, and was buried by the side of his lamented friend and commander, Colonel Pritchard, in the grave-yard at Coffeeville, Miss. Side by side, three martyr heroes sleep, the last dreamless sleep of death; mercifully spared the humiliating sight of their country in chains, and slavery so abject, that their noble souls would have writhed in agony to behold it. They *died* to free her from Radical rule and despotism, *but died in vain!* On his last birth-day, Col. Hubbell lamented his "profitless life," in the beautiful humility of his grand magnanimous soul. Would to Heaven the world had been filled with such *true brave* lives as his; with such noblemen as *he* was! Had it been, this land would not now be draped in mourning for her noblest sons—would not have been drenched in fraternal blood—would not now be groaning in chains and slavery. But he is gone—the proud and dauntless Rives is gone.—The self-sacrificing, unswerving Pritchard is gone—to say nothing of other Confederate dead, *and the world is much poorer than it was!*

M. F. P.

Carrollton, Mo.

ANITA.

(*To a Little Spanish Girl:*)

O! my little Tropic bird,
How I love you!; deeply stirred
To their inmost crimson seat,
How my heart's warm pulses beat,
When you rest your glossy head
Here beside me, on the bed,
Or securely twined around me
Both your little arms have bound me—,
And your pure and rosy mouth,
Sweeter than the balmy South,
Whispers secrets in my ear,—
(Childish myths I smile to hear!);
Or with quick unconscious Art,
And a fairy shriek, you start
Lightly from me, when I'd know
Who may be your tiny *beau*,
Hiding for a moment's space
In your hands that laughing face,—
All a shy Coquette's delight
Shortly peeping into sight,—
Tempered by a pretty shame,
Dawning on your cheek in flame,—
And a tremulous shyness hid
'Neath the snowy, half-shut lid,
Which anon doth archly rise
O'er those flashing Eastern eyes!

As your merry, twinkling feet
Gayly trip towards me, Sweet!,
And your raven locks I press
Softly, with a fond caress,—
Feeling that my heart's a nest
Where my murmuring dove might rest,

Guarded by this Care of mine,
Safe as in some happy shrine,—
Thoughts of mingled joy and pain
Steal along the musing brain;—
Can your brow so frankly bright,
Keep for aye its morning light,
Or shall grief which comes with years
Dim those marvellous eyes with tears?:
What shall be my rose-bud's doom,
Weary blight, or golden bloom?

O! if Love could shield from Hate,
O! if Prayer could vanquish Fate,
You should ne'er be desolate,
But an innocent Bliss should cover
All your soul, and life-path over,
Pure as childhood's stainless skies,
Soft as childhood's dreaming sighs!

No! it cannot, cannot be,
Sin hath crowned Mortality,
And from Grief what soul may flee?—

Yet, a little while I'll bend,
Thus—above my fairy friend;
Closer, closer, closer come
To the heart that clasps you home,—
Would my arms that bind you now,
(Throbbing breast, and star-like brow,)
Might about your beauty met
Prove a mystic amulet,
In whose circling warmth a spell
Evermore may deeply dwell,—
Whence all spirits of the Night
Baffled, shall recede in flight,—
But whate'er is born of grace,
There may find a trysting place,
Joy and Hope, and maiden Trust;—
So when he who sings is dust,
And your mind a mournful, dim
Memory only holds of Him,
You shall think how undefiled

Was that love he bore his child,—
(His by all the sacred stress
Of enduring tenderness,—)
And perchance, that not in vain
Rose your Poet's earnest strain,
But a benediction meet
Followed on the Muse's feet,
Waxing brighter round your way,
When on some far future day,
You shall read his tender Lay,
Which to woman's noon may bring
One sweet note of Youth and Spring!

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.*

BY

R. L. DABNEY, D. D.

Young gentlemen of the Eumenean and Philanthropic Societies:—I am here to-day, in response not only to your call, but to an imperative sentiment. This is a sense of the value of the young men of the South, and their claims upon every patriot. When I remember how your class has lately striven and died for us,—how this seat of learning, like every other shrine of the Muses, was emptied at the call of a bleeding country; I feel that you have earned a claim upon our sympathies and aid, which cannot be refused. Nor was this devotion of our youth the less admirable;—in my eyes it is only the more touching—because it has pleased the Divine Disposer, in his mysterious and awful sovereignty, to deny you that success which you hoped. It *has* pleased Heaven that you should be so disappointed of your deserved victory, as that fools should say you have bled in vain. But be assured that as the afflicted child is ever dearest to the mother's heart, your disasters only cause your country to press you closer to her bosom. Amidst her cruel losses, her children alone remain, her last, as her most precious possession; and it is only from their energies, their virtues, their fortitude under obloquy and oppression, that she hopes for restoration. We assuredly believe, young gentlemen, that no drop of blood, generously shed in the right, ever wets our mother

* Address delivered at Davidson College, N. C., 1868.

earth in vain. The vision of the harvest from this precious seed may tarry: but in the end it will not fail, and we wait for it. The holy struggle may meet with seeming overthrow. But if our immediate hope is denied, amidst the manifold alternatives of Almighty Providence, some other recompense is provided, which will gladden and satisfy the hearts of our children, if not ours, in God's own time and place.

Now, that this expectation may not fail, it is needful that you cherish jealously the virtues and principles which ennoble your cause. Your steadfast and undebauched hearts must be the nurturing soil to preserve the precious seed of martyr blood during this winter of our disaster, to the appointed summer of its resurrection. The urgency, the solemnity of this era of darkness and danger warn me that it is no mere literary pastime, but a high and serious duty, which should occupy this hour. Pardon me, then, for passing to a topic which is fundamental at once to the dearest hopes of your country and of her dead heroes. I would employ this season of communion with my young fellow-citizens, in uttering my earnest warning to them, of a danger, and a duty, arising out of the misfortunes of our country; a danger most portentous to a thoughtful mind; a duty peculiarly incumbent on educated men.

This danger may be expressed by *the fearful force of conquest and despotism to degrade the spirit of the victims. The correlated duty is that of anxiously preserving our integrity and self-respect.*

A graphic English traveler in the East describes the contrast, so striking to us, between the cowering spirit of the Orientals, and the manly independence of the citizens of free States in Western Europe. These have been reared in commonwealths, which avouch and protect the rights of the individual. They are accustomed to claim their chartered liberties as an inviolable inheritance. The injuries of power are met by them with moral indignation, and the high purpose of resistance. But the abject Syrian or Copt is affected no otherwise by Turkish oppressions, than by the incursions of nature's resistless forces, the whirlwind or the thunderbolt. The only emotion excited is that of passive terror. He accepts the foulest wrong as his destiny, and almost his right. He has no other thought than to crouch, and disarm the lash by his submissiveness. And if any sentiment save that of helpless panic is excited, it is rather admiration of superior power, than righteous resentment against wrong. He who is the most ruthless among his masters is, in his abject view, the greatest.

When we remember the ancestry of these Orientals, we ask with wonder, what has wrought this change? These are the children of those Egyptians who, under Sesostris, pushed their conquests from Thrace to 'farthest Ind' beyond the utmost march of Alexander, and who, under the Pharaohs, so long contested the empire of the world with the Assyrian. Or, they are the descendants of the conquering

Saracens, who, in later ages made all Europe tremble. Or, these Eastern Jews who now kiss the sword that slays them, are the posterity of the heroes who, under the Maccabees, wrested their country from Antiochus, against odds even more fearful than our Southern soldiery were wont to breast. Whence, then, the change?

The answer is, that this mournful degeneracy is the result of ages of despotism. These base children of noble sires are but living examples of the rule, that not only the agents, but the victims of unrighteous oppression are usually degraded by their unavenged wrongs: a law which our times now render so significant to us.

Illustration of the same truth may be found also in the more familiar scenes of domestic life. Few observant men can live to middle life without witnessing sad instances of it. We recall, for example, some nuptial scene from the distance of a score of years. We remember how the bridegroom led his adored prize to the altar, elate with proud affection. We recall the modest, trembling happiness of the bride, as she confidently pledged away her heart, her all, to the chosen man whom she trusted with an almost religious faith. Her step, diffident, yet proud; the proprieties of her tasteful dress, her spotless purity of person, her sparkling eye, all bespoke self-respect, aspiration, high hope, and ennobling love: They revealed the thoughts of generous devotion with which her gentle breast was filled. Had one whispered at that hour, that the trusted man would one day make a brutal use of the power she now so confidingly gave, she would have resented it as the foulest libel on humanity. Had the prophet added that she was destined to submit tamely and basely to such brutality, she would have repudiated this prediction also with scorn, as an equal libel on herself. But we pass over a score of years. We find the same woman sitting in an untidy cabin, with a brood of squalid, neglected children around her knees; her shoulders scantily covered with a tawdry calico, her once shining hair now wound like a wisp of hay into a foul knot. She is without aspiration, without hope, without self-respect, almost without shame. What is the explanation? She has been for years a drunkard's wife! She was wholly innocent of her husband's fall. Long has she endured unprovoked tyranny and abuse: not seldom has she been the helpless victim of blows, from the hand which was pledged to cherish her. Often has she meditated escape from her degrading yoke; but the unanswerable plea of her helpless children arrested her always. She has found herself tied to a bondage, where there was neither escape nor resistance; and these wrongs, this misery have at last crushed her down into the degraded woman we see. The truthfulness of this picture will only be denied by those who judge from romance and inexperience, instead of facts.

We need only to look a little at the operations of moral causes on man's nature, to find the solution

of these cases. We are creatures of imitation and habit. Familiarity with any object accustoms us to its lineaments. The effect of this acquaintanceship in reconciling us to vice has been expressed by Pope in words too trite to need citation. And the fact that one is the injured object of repeated crimes does not exempt him from this law; but, as will be shown, only subjects him the more surely to it. Not only is every act of oppression a crime; but the seasons of despotism are usually eras of profuse and outbreaking wickedness. The baleful shadow of the tyrant's throne is the favorite haunt of every unclean bird and beast. And if the oppressing power be the many-headed monster, a tyrant faction, this is only more emphatically true. At such a time, the moral atmosphere is foul with evil example. The vision of conscience is darkened and warped. The very air is unhealthy, even for the innocent soul. For the common mind, the standard of rectitude is almost overthrown in the guilty confusion.

But this is the consideration of least weight. A more momentous one is found in the law of man's sensibilities. The natural reflex of injury or assault upon us is resentment. This instinctive emotion has evidently been designed by our Creator, as the protector of man in this world of injustice. Its function is to energize his powers for self-defence. But its nature is active: in exertion is its life. Closely connected with this is the sentiment of moral disapprobation for the wrong character of the act. This emotion is the necessary correlative to approbation for the right: so that the former cannot be blunted without equally blunting the latter. The man who has ceased to feel moral indignation for wrong, has ceased to feel the claims of virtue. Nor is there a valid reason for your insensibility to evil, in the fact that you are yourself the object of it.

Now when man is made the helpless victim of frequent wrongs, when his misfortunes allow him nothing but passive endurance, resentment and moral indignation give place to simple fear. And this by two sure causes. Not only is the very power of sensibility worn away by these repeated and violent abrasions; not only is the nature dulled by the perpetual violences to which it is subjected; but that activity being denied which is the necessary scope of these sentiments of resistance, they are extinguished in their birth. The soul which first rose against injustice with the quick and keen sense of wrong and heroic self-defence, at last brutalized by its very injuries, subsides into dull indifference, or abject panic.

Should it not make the thoughtful patriot shudder, to compare the present temper of our people with that of the revolutionary sires who bequeathed to us the liberties we have forfeited? With how quick and sensitive a jealousy, with what generous disdain did they spurn at the imposition of a tax of a few pence, against their rights as Englishmen; while we seek to reconcile ourselves

with a jest or a sophism to wrongs a thousand fold as onerous? In the words of Burke: "In other countries the people judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipated the evil, and judged of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle.—They augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." But we, their miserable children, are compelled to inhabit the very miasm and stench of extreme oppression: until our tainted nostrils almost refuse their office, and leave us unconscious while stifled by the pollution!

We need not go so far to find this startling contrast. We have only to compare our present selves with ourselves a few years ago, to find fearful illustrations of the working of these influences. Let us suppose that on the evening of July 21st, 1861, I had stood before that panting citizen-soldiery, which had just hurled back the first onset of our gigantic foe; and that I had denounced to them that seven short years would find them tamely acquiescing in the unutterable wrongs since heaped upon us: in the insolent violation of every belligerent right, in the sack of their homes, in the insult of their females, in the treacherous arming of their own slaves, and their subjection to them: with what anger and incredulity would they not have repelled me? Let us suppose that I had made the imputation that they would some day consent to survive such infamy: that it would be possible for them to make any other election than that of death with their faces to the foe, rather than such a fate: Would they not have declared it a libel upon the glories of that day, and upon the dead heroes even then lying with their faces to the sky? But we have consented to live under all this, and are industriously persuading ourselves to submit to yet more! Do you remember that unutterable swelling of indignation, aroused in us by the first rumor of outrage to Southern women; how that you felt your breasts must rend with the anguish, unless it were solaced by some deeds of defence and righteous retribution? But we have since had so ill-starred a tuition, by a multitude of more monstrous wrongs, that the slavish pulse is now scarcely quickened by the story of the foulest iniquities heaped upon a defenceless people. Thus does our own melancholy experience verify the reasonings given.

But, my hearers, this deterioration of the moral sensibilities does not place man above the promptings of selfishness: it rather subjects him more fully to them. We may not expect that the sense of helplessness and fear will reconcile him to suffer with passive fortitude, without a struggle. As well might we look to see the panting stag bear the bit and spur with quietude. The instinct of self-preservation goads the oppressed to attempt some evasion from their miseries; but their only remaining means is that common weapon of the weak against the strong, *artifice*. Every down-trodden people is impelled, almost

irresistibly, to seek escape from the injustice which can no longer be resisted by force, through the agency of concealments, of duplicity, of lies, of perjuries. The government of the oppressor is, therefore, a school, to train its victims in all the arts of chicanery and meanness. Mark, I pray you, the cruel alternative to which it shuts them up: They must suffer, without human help or remedy, evils unrighteous, relentless, almost intolerable; evils which outrage at once their well-being and their moral sense, or they must yield to temptation and seek deceitful methods of escape. And the only motives to nerve them to elect suffering rather than dishonor are the power of conscience, the fear of God, and faith in the eventual awards of His justice. What portion of any people may be expected to persevere in this passive heroism without other support?

In answering this question, we must not forget the inexpressible seductiveness and plausibility of that temptation. It pleads with the injured victim of wrong that his oppressors had no moral right to inflict these evils: That their injustice and treachery forfeit all claim upon his conscience: That to deceive them is but paying them as they deserve, in their own coin. An embittered hatred, which pleads its excuse from a thousand unprovoked injuries, impels the sufferer by a sting as keen as living fire, to seek the revenge of deception, the only one in his reach. And last, the specious maxim that "necessity knows no law" completes the triumph of the temptation with the plea, that the endurance of the tyrant's unmitigated will is impossible, and therefore the case justifies the means of evasion.

Now, I need hardly pause, before this assembly, to say that all this pretended argument is a guilty sophism. You know that, however plausible it may be, it is grounded in a profane forgetfulness of God, of his holy will, and of his omnipotent government over oppressors and oppressed. You see how it involves that maxim of delusion, of whose advocates the Apostle declares "their damnation is just;" that the end sanctifies the means. At the day when God shall bring him into judgment, no man will dare to obtrude these specious pleas, for his violation of the eternal principles of truth and right; principles on which repose the welfare of all creatures and the honor of God: principles whose sanctity only finds illustration in the very evils which he experiences from their breach. But none the less do we find my anticipations of seduction verified, by ten thousand lamentable lapses from honor among our suffering people; in their tampering with ensnaring and oppressive oaths, in the evasion of pecuniary obligations, in the deceitful avowal of pretences abhorrent at once to the political pride and convictions of our country. The facts are too melancholy to be pursued.

Meantime, the efficiency of all these seductions is made more fearful by the causes which hedge our young men up from wholesome activities. There is no

longer a career for their individual energies. Scarcely any profession offers a prize worthy of their exertions. If they turn to agriculture, or the pursuits of the merchant or artisan, the ruin of trade, and the crushing burden of unequal taxation compel them to labor for a pittance. Hence, the danger that they will succumb to an apathetic despair. We see too many of our youth, whose fortitude should sustain a fainting country, sitting down in skeptical doubt to question the control of divine providence, or sinking into an indolence which they persuade themselves is inevitable, and seeking a degrading solace in Epicurean ease. Take heed, Gentlemen, lest these insidious discouragements transmute the sons of the heroes of Manassas and Shiloh, as the despotism of arbitrary rulers has changed the modern Roman. In the eternal city we see the descendants of that race who gave laws and civilization to a conquered world, now, in the words of their own sensual poet, *Porci de grege Epicuri, cute bene curata*, filling their idleness with the criticism of cooks and singing women. Rather than risk the yielding to this, arise, and go forth sturdy exiles, to carve out a new career on some more propitious soil.

It has been made my duty, by my appointed pursuits, to examine the history of previous conquests: and it is my deliberate conclusion that no civilized people have ever been subjected to an ordeal of oppression, so charged as ours, with all the elements of degradation. I have explained how the unrighteousness of the despotism becomes a potent influence for temptation. We experience a domination, the iniquity of which is declared by every patriot of every previous party, and constantly avowed by the very men who impose it up to the day, when their reason was swept away by the torrent of revenge and lust of domination. Our people have been violently thrust down from the proudest ancestral traditions, and highest freedom boasted by any commonwealth on earth, to the deepest humiliation and most grinding exactions. They have been overpowered, not by manly force, but by filthy lucre, which bribed the proletaries of the whole world to crush us. We stooped our banners, not like the conquered Gaul or Briton, to a hardy and generous Cæsar who knew how, *debellare superbos, parcere victis;* but to a rabble who are not ashamed to confess that their four-fold numbers and ten-fold resources were unable to subdue us, until they had armed against us all the mercenaries of Europe, and our own poor slaves besides. And to crown all, the favorite project is to subject us, not to the conquerors only, but to these alien serfs, to be invested with our plundered franchises. Thus are our people robbed, not only of their possessions and rights, but of their dearest point of honor. Now, every one experienced of human nature knows that when you break down the chosen point of honor, the man is degraded to a brute, unless he is sustained by the vital grace of God. Thus it

appears that the influences and temptations by which conquest depraves its victims, are now applied to our people in their most malignant efficacy. The lesson we should learn from this fact is, that we should be watchful in equal degree, to preserve our own rectitude and honor.

For, young Gentlemen, as the true dishonor of defeat lies only in this deterioration of spirit, so it is the direst wrong which the injustice of the conqueror can inflict. A brave people may, for a time, be overpowered by brute force, and be neither dishonored nor destroyed. Its life is not in the outward organization of its institutions. It may be stripped of these, and may clothe itself in some diverse garb, in which it may resume its growth. But if the spirit of independence and honor be lost among the people, this is the death of the commonweal: a death on which there waits no resurrection. Dread then, this degradation of spirit, as worse than defeat, than subjugation, than poverty, than hardship, than prison, than death.

The law, on which I have commented, has ever appeared to me the most awful and obscure of all those which regulate the divine providence over men and nations. That the ruthless wrong-doer should be depraved in his own soul by his crimes, that he should find a part of his just penalty in the disorders and remorse infused in his own nature by his acts; this is a dispensation as adorably righteous as it is terrible. But, that not only guilty agent, but guiltless victim should, by a law almost natural, find his moral being broken down: that a necessity which his will had no agency in procuring, should subject his heart to an ordeal so usually disastrous. This is, indeed, fearful. "Clouds and darkness" here surround him. Yet "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." One thing I clearly infer hence; that He hath ordained the virtuous man's life in this wicked world, to be often a battle, in which we may be called "to resist unto blood, striving against sin." We learn from these mournful histories how it may be our duty to surrender life, rather than conscience and moral independence. Man's first duty to himself is the preservation of his own virtue. His prime duty to his God may be said to be the same. For how shall the *depraved* creature fulfill that 'chief end,' glorifying God? With no little seeming then, was it argued of old, that a dishonored life was no longer life indeed; so that the imposition of unavoidable degradation of soul was equivalent to the Maker's decree dismissing us out of the scene of defiled existence. Here is the most plausible excuse of that antique self-sacrifice, by which the heroic souls of the Pagan world claimed the privilege of escaping subjugation, and defying the oppressor from a voluntary grave. For, they knew not the only adequate power by which the inward stain of oppression can be countervailed. They had never heard of gospel-grace; of regeneration and adoption; of a hope anchored beyond the grave; of a reward in

glory, ennobling all suffering and endurance for conscience' sake.

Let us not, however, palliate the error of those who thus retired from life's battle without the word of command of the supreme Captain. But, from this danger of the soul's subjugation along with that of the body, we may infer, the duty and privilege of preferring the surrender of life, to the desertion of duty. It is your's, young Gentlemen, to boast among the *alumni* of your College, more than one illustrious instance of this fate, which may prove so enviable, compared with ours. First among these, I am reminded of one whose youthful face, then ruddy as that of the hero of Bethlehem, is fixed in the memories of my first visit here, Gen. Ramseur. Nowhere, in the rich record of Southern chivalry, can there be found the name of one who more deliberately resolved for death, rather than the forfeiture of duty and honor. Twice within a few weeks, at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill, his command had yielded to numbers, in spite of his most strenuous and daring exertion. On the morning of the battle of Belle-Plain, which began so gloriously for the Confederates, while marshalling his troops for the strife, he exhorted them to stand to their colors; and calmly declared that if they had any value for his life they would be henceforward staunch: for he was resolved never to participate with them in another flight before their foes. It was with this deliberate purpose he joined battle. But as the bravest are ever the most gentle, this stern resolve did not exclude the thought of the domestic tie which his country's call had sundered almost as soon as it was bound around his heart, and of the infant which had never received its father's kiss. His courage was only reinforced by these remembrances. For as he began the onset, in the second movement of the tragedy, he exclaimed to the officers near him, "Now, Gentlemen, let us so fight to-day, as to finish this campaign: I want to see my first-born."—After performing his whole duty during the changeful day, he saw all the line upon his left giving way. With his own command, he strove to stem the torrent of enemies: and when they, too, broke in panic, he refused to flee with them, but busied himself in rallying a few determined spirits like himself. When the last fugitive left the field, they saw him with a handful breasting the whole pursuing host: until, according to his pledge, he fell with his face to the foe. Let this example inspire you to *endure* as he *fought*, and you will be secure against all the degradations of defeat.

This degradation then, does not necessarily accompany our prostrate condition. Divine Providence often makes the furnace of persecution the place of cleansing for individual saints. Why may it not be so for a Christian people? Why may not a race of men come forth from their trials like the gold seven times refined in the fire, with their pride chastened, and yet their virtues purified? This can only be from the same

cause which sanctifies the sufferings of the Christian, the inworking grace of God. Nothing is more true than that the natural effect of mere pain is not to purify, but harden the sinful heart of man, exasperating at once its evils and its miseries. The cleansing Word and Spirit of God alone, interpret its sufferings to it, and convert them into the healthful medicines of its faults. So, it is the power of true Christianity, and that alone, which can minister to us as a people, the wholesome uses of adversity. The salvation of the life of Southern society must be found by taking the Word of God, as our constant guide.

But, it may be asked: To what course of action should this spirit of unyielding integrity prompt us? The answer from those infallible oracles, is easy. While you refrain from the suggestions of revenge and despair, and give place, as of necessity, to inexorable force, resolve to abate nothing, to concede nothing of righteous conviction. Truckle to no falsehood, and conceal no true principle; but ever assert *the right*, with such means of endurance, self-sacrifice, and passive fortitude as the dispensation of Providence has left you. If wholesale wrongs must be perpetrated, if sacred rights must be trampled on, let our assailants do the whole work, and incur the whole guilt. Resolve that no losses, nor threats, nor penalties shall ever make you yield one jot or tittle of the true or just in principle, or submit to personal dishonor.

And let us remember, young Gentlemen, that while events, the success of ruthless power, the overthrow of innocence, may greatly modify the *expedient*, they have no concern whatever, in determining *the right*. The death of a beloved child may determine its mother to bury its decaying body out of her sight: even to hide in the wintry earth that which, before, she cherished in her bosom. But its death will never make the true mother repudiate the relation of maternity to it, or deny its memory, or acquiesce in any slander upon its filial loveliness. You must decide then, each one for himself, what things shall be conceded to the necessities of new events, and what things shall be disdained as contaminating to the unconquered soul. May I not safely advise that, in making these decisions, you should always refer them to that standard of judgment which we held before our disasters, as the truer and worthier one; rather than to that standard to which men are seduced by their humiliations? Judge, then, from the same principles (however new their special applications) from which you would have judged in happier years, when your souls were inspired by the glorious traditions of your free fore-fathers, and saw the truth in the clear light of your conscious manhood; not as men would have you judge, from hearts debauched by defeat, and clouded with shame and despair.

We are a beaten, conquered people, Gentlemen; and yet, if we are true to ourselves, we have no cause for humiliation, however much for deep sorrow. It is only

the atheist who adopts success as the *criterion* of right. It is not a new thing in the history of men, that God appoints to the brave and true the stern *task* of contending, and falling, in a righteous quarrel. Would you find the grandest of all the names upon the rolls of time? You must seek them amidst this 'noble army of martyrs,' whose faith in God and the right was stronger than death and defeat. Let the besotted fools say that our dead have fallen in a "lost cause:" Let abandoned defamers and pulpit buffoons say that theirs are "dishonored graves." I see them lie in their glory with an illustrious company: with the magnanimous Prince Jonathan, on Mount Gilboa; and the good king Josiah, in the vale of Megiddo, with Demosthenes and Philopœmen; with Hannibal the pillar of Carthage; with Brutus and Cato; with the British Queen Boadicea; with the Teuton Herman; with Harold the Saxon, on Hastings' field; with Wallace; with Kosciusko; with one grander than all, their own Jackson. We have no need, Sirs: to be ashamed of our dead: Let us see to it that *they* be not ashamed of us. They have won the happier fate, "taken away from the evil to come, they have entered into peace; they rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." To us they have bequeathed the sterner trial of asserting, by our unshaken fortitude under overthrow, the principles which they baptized with their blood. Let the same spirit which nerved them to do, nerve us to endure, for the right: and they will not disdain our companionship on the rolls of fame.

Before I end, let me invoke the aid of the gentler sex, whose sympathizing presence I see gracing our solemnities. The high mission of woman in society has been often and justly argued. But never before was the welfare of a people so dependent on their mothers, wives, and sisters, as now and here. I freely declare that, under God, my chief hope for my prostrate country is in her women. Early in the war, when the stream of our noblest blood began to flow so liberally in battle, I said to an honored citizen of my State; that it was so uniformly our best men who were made the sacrifice, there was reason to fear, the staple and pith of the people of the South would be permanently depreciated. His reply was: "There is no danger of this, while the women of the South are what they are. Be assured such mothers will not permit the offspring of such martyr-sires to depreciate."

But since, this river of generous blood has swelled into a flood. What is worse, the remnant of survivors, few, subjugated, disheartened, almost despairing, and alas, dishonored, because they have not disdained life on such terms as are left us, are subjected to every influence from without, which can be malignantly devised to sap the foundations of their manhood, and degrade them into fit materials for slaves. If our women do not sustain them, they will sink. Unless the spirits which rule and cheer their homes can re-animate their self-respect,

confirm their resolve, and sustain their personal honor, they will at length become the base serfs their enemies desire. Outside their homes, everything conspires to depress, to tempt, and to seduce them. Do they advert to their business affairs? They see before them only loss, embarrassment, and prospective destitution. To the politics of their country? They witness a scene of domination and mercenary subserviency, where the sacrifice of honor is the uniform condition of success.— Only in their homes is there, beneath the skies, one ray of light or warmth to prevent their freezing into despair.

There, in your homes, is your domain. There *you* rule with the sceptre of affection; and not our conquerors. We beseech you wield that gentle empire in behalf of the principles, the patriotism, the religion, which we inherited from our mothers. Teach our ruder sex that only by a deathless loyalty to these can woman's dear love be deserved or won. Him who is true to these, crown with your favor. Let the wretch who betrays them be exiled forever from the paradise of your arms. Then we shall be saved; saved from a degradation fouler than the grave. Be it yours to nurse with more than a vestal's watchfulness, the sacred flame of our virtue, now so smothered.— Your task is unobtrusive: it is performed in the privacy of home, and by the gentle touches of daily love. But it is the noblest work which mortal can perform; for it prepares the polished stones with which the temple of our liberties must be repaired. We have seen men building a lofty pile of sculptured marble, where columns with polished shafts pointed to the skies, and domes reared their arches on high like mimic heavens. They swung the massive blocks into their places on the walls with cranes and cables, with shouts and outcries, and huge creaking of the ponderous machinery.— But these were not the true artisans: they were but rude laborers. The true artists, whose priceless cunning was to give immortal beauty to the pile, and teach the dead stones to breathe majesty and grace, were not there. None saw or heard their labors. In distant and quiet work-rooms, where no eye watched them, and no shout gave signal of their motions, they plied their patient chisels, slowly with gentle touches evoking the forms of beauty which lay hid in the blocks before them. Such is your work: the home and fireside are the scene of your industry. But the materials which you shape are the souls of men, which are to compose the fabric of our Church and State. The politician, the professional man is but the cheap, rude, day-laborer, who moves and lifts the finished block to its place. You are the true artists, who endue it with fitness and beauty; and, therefore, yours is the nobler task.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

The snowflakes are falling swiftly
The children are wild with glee,
As they dream of the merry pastime
The morrow's morn will see,
And faces are bright in their youthful glow
As they watch the falling, beautiful snow!

Within that pleasant parlor,
The mother alone is still,
She feels not the snow that falls without,
But her throbbing heart is chill,
As she turns away from the fireside glow
To look abroad on the beautiful snow!

God help those eyes despairing
That gaze at the snow-clad earth,
God pity the mad rebellion
That in that heart has birth!
The children are gone—and a sound of wo
Breaks thro' the night o'er the beautiful snow!

The woman's face all ghastly
Lies pressed to the window pane,
But no sound of human anguish
Escapes her lips again;
'Twas the cry of a woman's heart crush'd low,
Whose hopes lay dead, 'neath the beautiful snow!

The firelight glanced and sparkled;
Despite of its inmate's gloom
It gilded the books and pictures,
And lit up the cheerful room
While thro' the casements, the crimson glow
Threw a band of light on the beautiful snow!

She shrank from the mocking brightness
That sought to win her there,
Far better to watch the snowflakes
Than gaze at a vacant chair,
A chair that never again could know
A form, *now* still 'neath the beautiful snow!

Many a night-watch had he known,
And many a vigil kept,
While the snowflakes fell around him
And all his comrades slept.
For his heart was strong in its patriot glow
As he gazed abroad at the beautiful snow!

He, too, had watched the snowflakes,
And laughed as they whirled him by,
Had watched, as they drifted round him
With bright, undaunted eye,
But *now* there rests not a stone to show
The soldier's grave 'neath the beautiful snow!

The mourner's eye roved sadly
In search of the vacant chair,
To rest in loving wonder
On a young child slumbering there,
And she caught from his baby-lips, the low,
Half murmured words—"the beautiful snow!"

With a sudden, passionate yearning
She caught him to her breast,
And smil'd in the eyes, that in *their* calm
Rebuked her own unrest—
Eyes that had caught their kindling glow
From the father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow!

Again she stood at the casement
And smil'd at her baby's glee,
As he turned from the feathery snowflakes
Her answering smile to see:
Her little child, that never could know
The father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow!

LETTERS FROM MOUNT VERNON.

MOUNT VERNON,
Nov. 22, 1799.

WHEN near you, my dear N—, I have often a great fancy to express my feelings in an epistolary way. How is it to be wondered at then that now we are a hundred miles apart, this propensity should still exist: particularly when seated at a spot of all others best calculated to produce a letter most acceptable to you. We arrived here on the 20th, just in time for dinner, after a pleasant journey made more than ordinarily agreeable by a continuance of fine weather, which enabled us to make several pleasant calls on my friends, who are agreeably scattered on the way from Fredericksburg to Alexandria; that is to say, if you take the road up the Potomac. Yes, we arrived at this venerable mansion in perfect safety, where we are experiencing every mark of hospitality that the good old General's continued friendship for Col. Carrington could lead us to expect. His reception of my husband was that of a brother. He took us each by the hand, and, with a warmth of expression not to be described, pressed mine and told me that I had conferred a favor never to be forgotten in bringing his old friend to see him; then bidding a servant call the ladies, he entertained us most facetiously till they appeared. Mrs. W., venerable, kind and plain—very much resembling our aunt Ambler; Mrs. Steward, her daughter-in-law, once Mrs. Custis, with her two young daughters, Misses Stewards—all pleasant and agreeable; Mrs. H. Lewis, formerly Miss P——d of Richmond, and last though not least, Mrs. L. Lewis. But how describe *her?* Once I had heard my neighbor, Mrs. Tucker, give a romantic account of her when Miss Custis: How her lovely figure, made doubly interesting by a light fanciful summer dress, with a garland of flowers she had just entwined, and an apron full she had selected and come to throw at her Grandma's feet—all which I considered as the fanciful effusions of my friend's romantic turn of mind. But now, when I see her the *matron*—for such her situation would indicate, though she has only been ten months a wife—lovely as Nature could form her; improved in every female accomplishment, and what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in every department that makes woman most charming; particularly in her conduct to her aged Grandmother and the General, whom she always calls "Grandpa," I am actually transported at beholding her! Having once seen her as she passed through our town seemed to give me a claim to her kindness, and her attentions are unremitted.—On retiring for the night, she took me into her apartment, which was elegantly prepared for an expected event. When we separated, "how glad I am that you are here," she said; "what a pleas-

ure will it be to me to retain you till this dreaded event has passed!" I assured her nothing could give me more pleasure than to remain and offer every friendly aid in my power. In this promise, I thought this morning I should be indulged; for on entering the breakfast room, I understood she had been all night complaining. But, unfortunately, my husband spied the *arm chair* carried up stairs, and a moment after, ordered our carriage. In vain does the General insist upon our stay: promising to take him over the grounds, and farm, and show him the mill, &c., &c., which will occupy them till 3.—No—the *world* should not tempt him to stay, at a time when he says every one should leave the family entirely undisturbed; but that after a few days, when we shall have finished our visit to my friends in Maryland, we would again see them and prolong our visit. Is it not vexatious to have so scrupulous a husband? Nothing could distress me more than to leave this charming family at such a moment. But I am bound to obey; and at 12 we are to leave this place for Washington. When I return you may expect to hear further from me.

29th.—After passing a week most charmingly with my numerous friends in and about the City, we returned to finish our visit to this revered mansion. While in the City, our Headquarters (for I shall have no terms to use but what are *military*, hearing, as I do, a repetition from these dear veterans, of battles, fortifications, marches and countermarches, which are familiar as every day topics to one connected, as I have long been, with soldiers and heroes;) then, as I said, our Headquarters were at D. C's., the husband of your old friend, Anny Brent. Oh! how delightful, after a separation of so many years, from the sisters of my ever-to-be-remembered Col. Brent, (and in that separation to have formed other connections which might or might not have been agreeable to that much loved family) to be received by them with open arms! and to experience all that tenderness which they were wont to show me while the wife and widow of their idolized brother! I cannot describe to you, my dear N—, the various feelings excited in this long wished for visit. This visit of a week would furnish subjects for a series of letters instead of one. I must, therefore, only tell you that I found myself, while in Washington, in a new world! though in the self same *spot* where, a few years before, I felt quite *at home*. On those very farms—where dwelt my dear old friends, the Youngs, the Carrolls, &c., did I see the stately edifices of the Capitol, President's House, &c., all appearing to me like enchantment. But a few years since, when passing an autumn with these dear loved friends, I saw the first trees fallen on their farms. (Now) avenues and streets intersecting each other, which I drove through, losing all recollection of the different places that were as natural to me as my own —they tell me are what I have so often passed in going from one friend's house to another! It is

absolutely magic. I could not have imagined that the cutting down trees and rearing a few houses (for as yet there are but few in the city) could so totally have metamorphosed this charming spot. It certainly has great advantages in situation, and must be a great city. Still, I am of opinion, that in point of prospect, it must yield to Richmond, which doubtless affords as fine a view as any in the world. Nevertheless, you know I have never been very partial to Richmond, and but for you and some other very dear friends I should be well content to have my residence any where else. But it is my destiny to be fixed there, and you may soon expect me at home—perhaps by the last of the month. Having missed the Post, I continue to scribble, and am well pleased that my letter was not ready, as I have much to say. I am really delighted that our first visit here was shortened, so that we are at liberty to finish it at a time, when our presence is of more consequence to this amiable family than it would have been before. It is really an enjoyment to be here and witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house; except now and then the bustle occasioned by the young squire Custis, when he returns from hunting; bringing in a "Valiant Deer," as he terms it, "that Grandpa and the Colonel will devour." Nice venison, I assure you it is; and my taste in seasoning all the stew is not passed unnoticed, while the whole party, I will not say "devour" it, but do it ample justice. My mornings are spent charmingly; alternately in the different chambers. First, an hour after breakfast with the lady in the *straws;* dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the Grandmama. Then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely in the style of our good old aunt's; that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chamber maid with her knitting; on the other, a little colored *pet* learning to sew. An old decent woman, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair half done which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake. Her *netting*, too is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I will appear a la domestique at the first party we have when I get home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assume those domestic habits that prevail in our country, when but a few years since they were forced to forego all those innocent delights, which are so congenial to their years and tastes to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and the levée. The recollection of these "*lost*" days, as Mrs. Washington calls them, seems to fill her with regret; but the extensive knowledge, she has

gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world, has made her a most interesting companion. Having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century. The weather is too wintry to enjoy out-door scenes, but as far as I can judge, in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Wood's drawing-room, furnishes a good specimen. Every thing within doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable, except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talents. I think there are *five* portraits of the General; some done in Europe and some in America, that do honor to the painter. There are other specimens of the fine arts from various parts of the world that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation.—Besides these, there is a complete Green House, which, at this season, is a great source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in this neatly furnished apartment. From the arrangement of the whole, I conclude that it is managed by a skillful hand; but whose, I cannot tell. Neither the General nor Mrs. W. seem more interested in it than the visitors. We have met with no company here, but are told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is convenient or agreeable. These transient persons that call from curiosity are treated with civility, but never interfere with order of the house or the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends, who make a point of visiting him, are left much to themselves, indeed scarcely see him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner till ten, our time is most charmingly spent. Indeed, one evening the General was so facetious, and drew my husband out into so many old stories, relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends—particularly, Kosciusko and Pulaski, who have always corresponded with Col. Carrington, and whose characters afforded great interest, that it was long after twelve before we separated. By the by, I will shew you some of these letters on my return, for I know you will find great pleasure in reading them.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ONE of the most unmistakable tendencies of modern civilization is that of mankind to congregate in large cities.

To see this we have but to look around us. The rural population of England and France is stationary, and in some parts even decreasing, while that of the great cities is increasing in a progressive ratio. The additional numbers shown by each decennial census in those two countries, are to be assigned to very few localities.

As England and France are conceded to lead the van in modern progress, we may take theirs as the normal condition to which that progress tends, and it is our conviction that, eventually, the rural population of every civilized country will consist of just the number requisite to produce subsistence for the towns, and to meet the demands of commerce; while the great bulk of the human race will be crowded into a few vast metropolises.

Gravitation in our times has assumed the functions of a social, as well as physical law, and the gregarious instincts of man are acuminated and developed by what appears to be the law of necessity. The very genius of our Civilization is the merging of the individual into the mass, the tightening of the rein of society as a whole, over its component parts.

In proportion as man singly is weak will be his desire to secure protection by congregation. It is this tendency to herd together which first made manufactures possible and then necessary, and now manufactures draw population like a magnet. They act and reäct on each other until it is difficult to distinguish the cause from the effect.

The altogether exceptional circumstances, which exist in the United States render it impossible that they should, for many years to come, arrive at the condition which we have remarked in France and England.

Thousands of square miles of the most fertile land in the world woo mankind to agriculture, and territory, which would furnish comfortable homes for half the human race, yet remains to be reclaimed.

But, so sure as years roll on, the time will come when that condition will be arrived at, for every tendency is in that direction.

This being the case, it must be a matter of profound interest to every American to know what cities on our continent are destined to become the great foci of population, and consequently of wealth.

Dr. Scott, of Toledo, Ohio, in a recent ingenious work on "The future Great City of the World," wavers between his own city and Chicago, but is convinced that one of these two is the destined Yeddo.

In support of his opinion, he quotes the oft-used words of Bishop Berkeley: "Westward the Star

of Empire takes its way, Toledo, Time's noblest Empire is his last." We think that a glance at the map, and observation of the tendency of trade, which, after all, is the secrect of population, must furnish very strong grounds for differing with the Toledo prophet. There can be but little doubt that in the natural course of events the struggle for primacy lies between New York and San Francisco, with many advantages on the side of New York. But between these two lies the great valley of the Mississippi, where the Father of Waters drains a continent teeming with vegetable and mineral wealth. Here must rise a city, as the counterpart and distributor of this great wealth, and which, when the Territories claim their places in the constellation of States, is destined to be the seat of empire.

The contest for this proud position has been, and will be, between Chicago and St. Louis. Of the former city, we have spoken in a previous article. We have shown its enterprise, its wealth, its ambition, and the many obstacles which it has overcome.—It remains now to examine the claims of the latter.

St. Louis is situated on the Mississippi River eighteen miles below its confluence with the Missouri, and one hundred and eighty above the mouth of the Ohio. The city occupies two terraces along the river, rising above the flood 20 and 60 feet respectively and has a river front of seven miles.

In the summer of 1763, Pierre Laclede Liguest, a Frenchman, left New Orleans for the purpose of establishing, at the mouth of the Missouri, a depot for the trade in furs which was already assuming respectable proportions. Arriving in December of that year, he selected the fine bend of the Mississippi which forms the site of the present city, and marking the spot by blazing the trees, returned to his winter quarters, a short distance below, to await an auspicious season for commencing the projected settlement. On the 15th of February, 1764, Liguest landed with about thirty young trappers and proceeded at once to the erection of sheds and temporary cabins. This was the birth-day of St. Louis. In the course of the year, many other adventurers arrived, and the growth of the city since then, though slow, has been steady and unwavering.

Unlike her feverish sister, Chicago, which has sprung up, as if evoked by the spell of Prospero, within the memory of men who are yet young, St. Louis has expanded quietly and almost unnoticed into the splendid metropolis, it is at present. Her own inhabitants are surprised, so little noise has she made, to find themselves thrust all at once into celebrity, and their city prospectively settled upon as the future centre of Civilization in this Western Hemisphere. They went to sleep one night, calmly thankful for their peaceful and tranquil prosperity, and awoke next morning to find themselves in thundering competition, with their restless and ambitious neighbor. But they have proved equal to the

crisis, and if the Chicagoans are fairly tremulous with excess of steam, the cool and cautious, but energetic and tenacious Missourian of to-day, contains within himself all the elements of success. The man, who goes from Chicago to St. Louis, is rather disappointed at the apparent lethargy which prevails, and, as has been too often done, draws a comparison between the two cities unfavorable to the latter, but if he goes down into those streets which line the river, or looks into the faces of the merchants who compose the Board of Trade, he will find that practical intelligence and sturdy energy, which will bring St. Louis triumphantly through the contest with her brilliant rival. The springs of action here are like subterranean forces, hidden, but of wondrous potency. But of this more anon, we must not, in the splendor of the present, ignore the day of small things.

Liguest, like William Penn, at Philadelphia, had a prophetic confidence in the future greatness of the city, whose foundation he was laying a century ago with a few upright poles. He proceeded at once to the conciliation of the contiguous Indian tribes, which the volatile and malleable French seldom found any difficulty in doing.

Having no objection to taking a squaw, and if necessary half a dozen, the Frenchman, unlike the stern Anglo-Saxon, never failed to affiliate with the Aborigines of our continent, whenever he came in contact with them.

While yet consisting of a few log huts, St. Louis was surveyed and laid out very much after the plan of the present city.

Main-street was first called La Rue Royale and afterward, Rue Principale. Chestnut-street was called La Rue Des Granges, and what is now plain Centre Square, glittered under the pretentious name of La Place d'Armes; for St. Louis has gone through many vicissitudes, and has more than any other city, on this continent, been affected by the ebb and flow of European politics.

First settled and ruled by the French, whence its name, it was ceded by Louis XV. to Spain, and for the next thirty years was dominated by that haughty and bigoted power. Wealth and numbers increased slowly, until in 1804 the territory of Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and for the first time the sturdy English element which has made St. Louis what it is, was introduced into the population. Still, progress was very gradual and it was not until the great impetus given to emigration in 1833, which led to the settlement of Chicago, that St. Louis began its prodigious strides, so that the relative progress of the two cities has been more nearly equal than is generally supposed. The subjoined table shows the population of St. Louis, at different periods:

1763	30
1764	120
1780	687
1785	897
1788	1,197
1799	925
1811	1,400
1820	4,928

1828	- - - -	5,000
1830	- - -	5,852
1833	- - - -	6,397
1835	- - - -	8,316
1837	- - -	12,040
1840	- - -	16,469
1844	- - -	34,140
1850	- - -	74,439
1852	- - -	94,000
1856	- - - -	125,200
1859	- - -	185,587
1866	- - - -	204,327
1867	- - -	220,000
1868	(estimated)	250,000

It will be seen from the above statistics that since 1833, when the wondrous fertility of the Great American Desert began to attract the attention of emigrants, the population has trebled about every ten years. Even the disastrous four years' war scarcely impeded its growth.

The first marriage in St. Louis occurred on April 30th, 1766.—There are more divorces during a single year now than the whole number of inhabitants at that time.

The first city charter was granted in 1822. A voyage to New Orleans and back then required ten months for its accomplishment; now, so rapid have been the strides of "civilization," that in 1866 seven steamboats were exploded, twenty-two were burnt, forty-nine were sunk and lost, twelve were sunk and raised, twenty-nine barges were sunk: and the expenses of the finest steamers which swarm along the wharves, are about one thousand dollars per day.

The year 1815 saw the first steamboat ascend the Mississippi to St. Louis, but though the increased facilities ran the population up from 1,400 to 4,928 in five years, the effect was not such as was generally expected.

Progress is always very gradual in a new country, unless some exceptional impetus is given to immigration, and notwithstanding its position as the entrepot of the great Mississippi Valley, and the gate of the illimitable prairies of the West, the city rose but slowly.

In 1842, Charles Dickens visited St. Louis and thus describes its appearance at that time:

"In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque, being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable-windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these consist of wharves and warehouses, and new buildings in all directions; and of a great many vast plans which are still "progressing." Already, however, some very good houses, broad streets, and marble-fronted shops have gone so far ahead as to be in a state of completion; and the town bids fair in a few years to improve considerably, though it is not likely ever to vie, in

point of elegance or beauty, with Cincinnati."

Since Mr. Dickens wrote, those "vast plans" have continued "progressing" until they have developed into a metropolis as solid, as elegant, and more beautiful than Cincinnati. Those marble-fronted stores and fine dwellings have extended along the river for miles, and the march onward is going on steadily year by year. The click of the hammer and the grating of the spade is heard in every direction, and deep down in the bowels of those two plateaus are being laid the foundation stones of one of the most majectic cities the world ever saw.

Here rises the roof of a depot a quarter of a mile long, and *here*, again, the towering spire of some magnificent cathedral lifts the golden cross far up towards Heaven, while out toward the setting sun, St. Louis extends her everlengthening arm to the city of San Francisco.

The traveler, who approaches St. Louis, is astonished to find himself shot without premonition right into East St. Louis on the opposite bank of the river. All the railways now converge and terminate here, but a bridge will soon be completed, which will send the trains thundering through the town.

As we tumble out of the car, we find ourself on the top of a paved Levee, which, with a similar one on the opposite shore, dips at the angle of forty-five degrees down to the very verge of a turbulent and rather insignificant looking stream. This stream our reason flatly refuses to recognize as the great Father of Waters which we had always pictured to ourself as a kind of Atlantic Ocean flowing between banks indefinitely distant from each other; but we feel rather mollified when told that the river rises sometimes "up to where you are now standing, boss!" We are here transported across to the city by clumsy ferry-boats, which have a striking resemblance to a huge turtle with a stove-pipe stuck in its back. The river is very rapid, and the engine is only used to prevent the boat being carried down stream, while we swing slowly across in obedience, probably, to the laws of gravitation.

In getting to the boats, we descend the precipitous Levee in an omnibus, and we come to the conclusion that no sane man would have the temerity to attempt the descent a second time, unless he had a wife and a Life Insurance policy.

The only sensation during the transit is that peculiar heart-in-the-mouth feeling, with which, in childhood, we used to look upon that wonderful historic picture in Peter Parley, yclept, "Hannibal crossing the Alps," and a sentiment of deadly animosity toward the fat gentleman opposite.

It is these steep Levees and the variable level of the river which excites the joyful derision of Chicago when one intimates the possibility of St. Louis competing with her as a grain Emporium. For many years, St. Louis desponded, and thought that an Elevator on the banks of the Mississippi, was really an impossibility, but the difficulty has been

overcome by the simple expedient of lengthening the huge spout when the river is low, and shortening it when the river is high.

Great facilities for the shipment of grain have been made within the past eleven months, and there is now one Elevator which will hold 700,000 bushels and another holding 200,000.

A Mr. Higbee is also constructing an immense one, for the transhipment of grain to New York. The grain will be blown by fans and cooled that it may not be stored in a heated state. A barge line exists in which one steamer can draw barges containing 200,000 bushels of wheat and 40,000 barrels of flour. Let Chicago look to her laurels, especially as it will presently be shown that shipments can be made from St. Louis to New York in a shorter time and at a smaller cost than from Chicago, and time and cost are the two factors which determine the tendency of trade.

St. Louis, as seen from the deck of the ferry-boat, looks like a confused mass of houses and chimneys with an impenetrable chevaux-de-frise of steamers extending around the periphery of a vast semi-circle. Huge factory flues belch forth incessant clouds of smoke which envelop the city in a murky drapery, day and night, and magnificent blocks of stores extend down to the very Levee,—too near in fact for safety. Every ten or fifteen years, the swollen Mississippi inundates the lower floors. The public buildings are solid and elegant, as is the whole city. A quiet, settled, Philadelphian atmosphere pervades the place.

The Mercantile Library is a very fine edifice, and contains about 30,000 volumes. In its Reading Room is the best collection of Miss Harriet Hosmer's statues extant, of which the citizens are very proud. This Library is one of the most potent educational influences in St. Louis, and in taste and elegance is unequaled by anything of a similar kind in any Eastern city.

The churches are about one hundred in number. The finest are the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the church of St. George, (Episcopal,) both monuments of architecture of which any city might be proud.

The Southern Hotel, recently erected, is the most superb in the United States, and is said to be unsurpassed in the world. The facade of yellow magnesian limestone, 270 feet in length, is very imposing; but it is the interior decorations which give it the palm of superiority. The furniture is of the very best description throughout the house, and the magnificent suite of six parlors is not surpassed by any in Europe. 17,000 yards of carpeting were used on the floors of this Hotel, 1,400 gas burners convert night into day, and the total cost may be put down in round numbers at $1,250,000. Verily, St. Louis is a paradise for travelers.

The Roman Catholic, introduced by the early French settlers, is still the principal religion. Fully one half the population is Roman Catholic, and the property of the church amounts to upward

of fifteen millions of dollars.—Many of the best educational institutions are conducted by them, and one-third of the children who attend are of Protestant parents. And it is due to them to say that their influence is eminently beneficial—those, who are in the habit of traducing the Catholics as social corrupters, would do well to visit St. Louis.

If, as De Tocqueville predicts, Roman Catholicism is to be the religion of the future, its reign will be, and deserves to be inaugurated at St. Louis. The proportion of the foreign element in the population, the percentage being greater than in any other city in the Union (59.76) may in some measure account for this preponderance, but Romanism is on the increase, and this fact with its possible results deserves the thoughtful attention of Protestants.

The ravages caused by the War have rapidly disappeared, and St. Louis does a larger trade now than at any period of her existence. Her merchants are sanguine and energetic, and are steadily pressing her claims. The following table shows the quantity of corn alone received and disposed of during the past few years:

1860	4,200,000	Bushels
1863	1,500,000	"
1865	3,000,000	"
1866	9,233,671	"
1867	much larger (no figures.)	

This looks like progress, but the end is not yet.

And now that we have looked at St. Louis, past and present, let us conjure up the St. Louis of the future. We see her the seat of Empire, and of Civilization on this continent—the imperial metropolis of the West—the great grain emporium of the world. We see her distributing the produce of millions of acres, and reaping therefrom a golden harvest. But let us give a reason for the faith that is in us.

St. Louis is in the very heart of the continent, 1,060 miles from New York and 2,300 from San Francisco. Beyond the western banks of the Mississippi and Missouri are more than two millions of square miles of the American Union. In less than half that area, east of the Mississippi, in 1860, were more than twenty-seven millions of people. If we should divide the whole human race into families of five, this territory would give to each family a farm of about four acres. The Territories which are now being traversed by the Pacific Railroad, have already given us over twelve hundred millions of dollars in the precious metals, and are yielding seventy-eight millions annually.

And St. Louis is the natural entrepot of all this vast area destined to contain 300,000,000 of inhabitants, and all this fabulous wealth. Through her it must be distributed to the world. The navigable tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri, eleven thousand miles in length, drain a valley of twelve hundred thousand square miles, more fertile than any other on the Continent. And St. Louis is the very key to both these rivers.

All the way-freight of the Pacific Railway and the scores of

branch roads, which will ultimately radiate from it, will come here for shipment, and this is already no small source of revenue. The canals, which Chicago will speedily create, will open to St. Louis also the Lake route to New York.

In fact everything seems to point to it as the distributing centre of the continent, and when the great Railway is completed and the Territories have all become States the Capitol cannot long refuse to recognize its natural seat.

The mind falters in attempting to grasp the import of figures such as these. Mathematics, when carried beyond our practical experience, becomes the most mysterious of the Sciences.

But let us see what St. Louis would be were it the metropolis of the State of Missouri only. In this connection, we quote from a very able sketch of St. Louis by Mr. James Parton:

"Has the reader ever taken the trouble to observe what a remarkable piece of this earth's surface the State of Missouri is? Surface, indeed! We beg pardon; Missouri goes far enough under the surface to furnish mankind with one hundred million tons of coal a year for thirteen hundred years! Think of 26,887 square miles of coalbeds,—nearly half the State—and some of the beds fifteen feet thick. With regard to iron, it is not necessary to penetrate the surface for that. They have iron in Missouri by the mountain.—Pilot Knob, 581 feet high, and containing 360 acres, is a mass of iron; and Iron Mountain, six miles distant from it, is 228 feet high, covers 500 acres, and contains 230,000,000 tons of ore, without counting the inexhaustible supply that may reasonably be supposed to exist below the level. There is enough iron lying about loose in that region for a double track of railroad across the continent. The lead districts of Missouri include more than 6,000 square miles, and at least five hundred "points" where it is known that lead can be profitably worked. In fifteen counties there is copper, and in seven of these counties there is copper enough to pay for working the mines. There are large deposits of zinc in the State.—There is gold, also, which does not yet attract much attention because of the dazzling stores of the precious metal farther west. In short, within one hundred miles of St. Louis, the following metals and minerals are found in quantities that will repay working: gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, silver, platina, nickel, emery, cobalt, coal, limestone, granite, pipe-clay, fire-clay, marble, metallic paints, and salt. The State contains forty-five million acres of land. Eight millions of these acres have the rich soil that is peculiarly suited to the raising of hemp. There are five millions of acres among the best in the world for the grape. Twenty million acres are good farming lands, adapted to the ordinary crops of the Northern farmer. Two millions of acres are mining lands. Unlike some of the prairie States, Missouri possesses a sufficiency of timber land, and most of her prairies are of the rolling variety."

As we have before remarked, time and cost are the sole factors which determine the tendency of trade, and in this respect St. Louis has the advantage of her rival.

Col. Coloney, commercial editor of the Missouri Democrat, in a recent speech before the New York Produce Exchange said:

"St. Louis lies at the confluence of the two mightiest streams on the North American continent, and can easily transport her produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence to New York by sea, or by means of the canals and the great lakes. Bulk need be broken but once on each route, at New Orleans and at Buffalo. Produce from Chicago requires twenty-eight days for transportation to New York, from St. Louis only sixteen. The expense from Chicago is 28 cents a bushel for freight, from St. Louis only 22 cents."

We have said nothing of the social characteristics of the inhabitants. What they are now, may be inferred from the general tenor of the article, but in a city where population is trebled every decade by immigration from without, social land-marks rapidly disappear, and progress obliterates custom. As everywhere throughout the West, an easy, graceful and cordial hospitality is extended to every stranger.

The South must ever feel an interest in the progress of St. Louis, for she is essentially a Southern City. Her fortunes and misfortunes have been one with her sister cities, and together they must tread the paths of Destiny. New Orleans, particularly, must grow with her growth, and become rich with her traffic, and the two must form a commercial alliance on the Mississippi, their common highway.

A railroad on the right bank of the Mississippi which shall connect the two cities is projected, and the stock company is already formed.

At the time of organization, a few weeks since, it was resolved to commence operations at once, and it is probable that a portion of the road will be opened during the coming year.

This enterprise must have a powerful influence upon the prosperity of the whole Mississippi Valley, but more particularly will it redound to the benefit of the two territorial cities.

In thus investigating the respective claims of Chicago and St. Louis, we hope we have done justice to both.

Whatever may be the correctness of our conclusions, they are the results of study and conviction.

We admire Chicago. We honor her for her energy and her enterprise, and we marvel at her success, but as we forecast the future, the eye turns with a prophetic inspiration to the City of Magnificent Possibilities.

BEAST BUTLER DEFENDED.

THERE is implanted in man's heart a strong tendency to seek atonement for sin, by the sacrifice of some vicarious victim. This has manifested itself in all ages, and every condition of society. Faith in the vicarious expiation of human guilt was the foundation of all Jewish and heathen sacrifices. We have no doubt that this instinct of our race was typically prophetic of the central doctrine of Christianity, the profoundest of all truths, the necessity of the suffering of the innocent for the guity; and therefore, the lamb, the emblem of innocence, was the most frequent victim.

The Jewish rites abound in typical and prophetic illustrations of this vicarious bearing of the burden of sin. One of the most curious is that of which we find an account in the 16th chapter of Leviticus. "And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins; and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited; and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."

Although this ceremony is obsolete, yet the spirit of it exists as strongly as ever; and the term scape-goat has become proverbial in the English, and we believe, in many other languages. While humanity remains the same, neither the thing nor the name can pass away. But they can be perverted; for man has no where shown more ingenuity than in perverting the ordinances of God. That which was designed to recall men's sins to their remembrance, is perverted into the relief of their consciences by seeking out some notorious offender—accumulating on his head the sins of the multitude, and blackening him until they seem immaculate by contrast.

We see this every where in society. Certain sins become prevalent, and even fashionable.—Gaming, dueling, drunkenness, conjugal infidelity, luxurious epicurism, boundless extravagance, wild speculations, or commercial frauds, are tolerated and overlooked, until they sap the foundations of private morals and social order. Then the popular conscience and indignation are aroused, some noted offender is selected out of the crowd, gibbeted by public opinion, held up to universal abhorrence—thus affording an expiatory sacrifice to the infinite relief of the consciences of the community embracing a host of less notorious offenders. Every age, country, and vice afford examples of these moral scape-goats—whose names have become by-words for particular forms of iniquity. But the community is often never

further from repentance and reformation than when loudest in its denunciation of guilt.

Perhaps, the most remarkable example of a moral scape-goat for the sins of a whole people, is to be found in our own day, and our own land. But a less innocent beast has been selected than the veritable scape-goat of the Hebrews of old. If we may believe a multitude of paragraphs in Northern journals, numerous caricatures in Northern print-shops, the frequent denunciations of Northern orators, and repeated demonstrations of the Northern mob—there is at this day, at the North, a certain B. F. Butler who, when put at the head of a United States army, distinguished himself by a series of exploits, which won him world-wide renown. It is true that he won no battles, took no cities, shook no fortresses into ruins. He signally failed in all these attempts, or rather left these preliminary tasks to other hands. But when rebel regions were occupied and placed under his jurisdiction, he expended his energies in operations that came home to the tables, sideboards and strong boxes of the rebel population. He knew that money is the sinew of war; and these wretches having waged parricidal war against a parental government, or suffered their neighbors to wage it—he proceeded quietly to cut the sinews of war, by stripping them of their money, and all the equivalents of money, as plate, cotton, and other marketable commodities, by way of at once punishing the crime, and preventing its repetition. He thought this the best way to pacify rebellion.

Having an organizing mind—he established a complete, but secret bureau for the administration of the spoils—and by judicious regulations, stringent oaths, and inquisitorial searches to prevent unlawful trade with the rebels, and the concealment and removal of rebel property—he collected a heavy toll on all movables, infected with the taint or suspicion of disloyalty. Much of this was done so quietly that the results of his operations were rather felt than seen. He, doubtless, greatly weakened the rebels, for nothing is weaker than an empty purse. But when one scale of the balance goes up, the other comes down; the purses of the loyal agents employed in thus weakening the enemy became heavier every day; and Butler's own became so plethoric, that with all his art, he could not conceal its monstrous bulk. Notwithstanding the compactness he tried to give to his acquisitions, they can only be paralleled by those of Junot, one of Napoleon's *robber* marshals, for some few of his marshals were not robbers. When Junot entered Portugal, one mule carried all his baggage; but after his capitulation, under the convention of Cintra, with the blundering English—he had the impudence to demand five ships to remove his own personal effects—the proceeds of the indiscriminate plunder of churches, convents, palaces and private houses, in some of which he had been entertained as an invited guest.

But professing to love justice even to the extent of giving the Devil his due—and having yet a little remnant of chivalry left in us, we cannot stand by and see one man beset by a multitude. We feel compelled to take up the cudgels for Butler, and defend his character on one point. However grasping he may have been, and however skillful and successful in making up his pile, and in concealing its value from public view; in which he was much aided by his predilection for plate, jewelry, and such articles as combine great value with small bulk; he does not appear to have covered and concealed his thefts by wanton destruction of property.—With all his contempt for proprietary rights, the same high appreciation of the value of property, which made him carry off all that was portable, led him to leave, uninjured, what he could not carry off. We know of no instance of his following the established practice, more rigidly observed than many of the Yankee army regulations, of burning the house in order to conceal the stealing of the spoons.

In truth, much of this out-cry against Butler, which echoes through the North, springs from envy of his earnest skill and success in a field of operations, in which he had a multitude of rivals; not a few of whom, wishing to turn attention from themselves, join in the cry of "stop thief." They run after Butler shouting, 'stolen spoons!' with the silver forks, which they have stolen, still rattling in their pockets.

We suppose that there were officers and privates in the Yankee army who neither robbed nor stole; but any such must have been marvelously out of countenance at the company, they found themselves among.

To unmask the hypocrisy of this pretended horror at the unscrupulous appropriation of other men's goods, we have only to look back upon the history of Northern dealings with the South. The whole aim of Yankee policy for fifty years, to go back no further, has been to pervert the common government into a machine for extracting profit out of the South for the benefit of the Northern people, by unjust tariffs, partial bounties, extravagant government expenditures, laid out at the North, filling the pockets of Northern men with the proceeds of Southern labor.

In the progress of Abolition fanaticism, the North became divided into two parties. With one, fanaticism predominated over greed—with the other, greed outweighed fanaticism. When the aggressions and outrages of the more fanatic party drove the South into secession—what was the universal out-cry in the Northern cities? "What will become of our revenue? What will become of our trade and manufactures? How can we do without *our* cotton crop?" They valued the Southern States as tributaries, and looked upon the cotton crop as substantially their own. If the South had had no cotton; had it been too poor to be worth plundering, the experiment of preserving this glorious Union

by arms would have been too much for their patriotism.

When the cotton growing States first seceded—alarm at the prospect of losing their rich fields of plunder raised up a mighty party at the North—zealous in defence of the rights of the States and of the South. This peace and justice party was loud in its protests upon the unconstitutional outrages of their fanatic opponents. The North seemed on the eve of civil war. But the spirit that moved the peace party was too false and hollow to originate a great popular impulse; and that party fail at once to modify and and control the policy of the Federal government, and to beguile the South into reliance on their pledges of justice and the restitution of its rights.

And now they betrayed that their consciences lay in their pockets. When they found that they could not induce the Southern States to stay in the Union to be robbed, they put themselves promptly and foremost in the ranks of the war party, to rescue by arms and conquest, what they could no longer enjoy through the perverted administration of the government. Right or wrong, by guile or by force, they must enjoy the plunder of the South. On that alone was based their devotion to the Union; and the great constitutional, States rights, peace loving party of the North dwindled away to a remnant, 'a seven thousand, who would not bow the knee to Baal'—who, for maintaining their principles were locked up in Fort La Fayette and other Northern Bastiles or escaped that fate by the skin of their teeth.

Notwithstanding the abhorrence of negro slavery professed at the North, the great bulk of the people there were quite willing to tolerate and even maintain it in the South, as long as they were permitted to reap the chief fruits of this enforced industry. All the acts and declarations of the government and people in the earlier part of the war prove this.—It was not until they began to fear failure in their efforts at conquest that they resolved at heart to ruin the South, and added abolition to devastation as a means of success.

The people of the North sought a peaceful union with the South for the purpose of plundering it. Plunder was the motive that urged them to war. Plunder was the reward that they held out to their Irish and German mercenaries, who formed the strength of their armies, to induce them to crowd into its ranks. A small farm in Virginia, or a larger one further South—or the plunder of a rich planter's mansion—such were the bribes the recruiting officers promised in addition to the bounty money. From the beginning to the end of the war, throughout the length and breadth of the land—the hope of plunder was the spur which stimulated the enterprises of the government and the efforts of its vast armaments by land and sea. The North not only overrated the value of the cotton crop as the South itself had done, but it looked upon the annual produce of the South as a certain natural re-

sult. It endeavored to seize by force what it could no longer control by policy and craft; after a desperate struggle it grasped the shadow, but the substance and wealth of the South had vanished forever.

The attempt to concentrate upon Butler the peculiar odium of making war a cloak for robbery, becomes ridiculous when we remember how prominent a motive the seizure of the cotton crop was in both the military and the naval enterprises of the Northern government; how the hope of appropriating a share of this harvest, and other spoils, stimulated Yankee patriotism by land and sea.—When they had penetrated to the cotton regions of the South and West, many generals were far busier seizing cotton than fighting rebels, many quartermasters more intent on shipping cotton to the North than on transporting military supplies for the troops.—Surgeons availed themselves of ambulances, hospital wagons and hospital teamsters for the conveyance of the good things that fell in their way, and the smaller knaves followed the example of their superiors in losing no opportunity of filling their pockets.

Butler had the decency to try and conceal his peculations: and others strove by the smoke and fire of their devastations, at least partially to cover their plundering operations; but many openly displayed their spoils. The Yankee is so imbued with the conviction that acquisitiveness is the first of virtues, that he is often quite unconscious of the dishonor of possessing stolen goods. Plate, books, jewelry, paintings, even pianos and furniture are openly displayed in thousands of Northern homes, as spoils brought from the South. Perhaps there is no Southern man, who need go beyond his own experience, and that of his kinsmen, to find striking examples of the unblushing cupidity of the soldier robbers, who overran his country.

We will give a sample or two of their achievements. One of our kinsmen had his plantation harried, his house and barns plundered and burned, and his negroes carried off. He would have been completely ruined but for some property preserved at the North; and after the war he went to New York. His wife attended divine service at Grace Church, and while kneeling near the altar to receive the communion, when the lady next her extended her hand to take the chalice, her attention was attracted by seeing on her wrist a bracelet with the miniature of her own father.—Turning to observe her devout neighbor more closely, she discovered that she wore a dress and shawl, which, like the bracelet, had been taken from the house which had been plundered and burnt. We are afraid our kinswoman's Christian emotions were somewhat disturbed by this discovery. She kept her eyes on the lady, and before leaving the church, ascertained from the sexton who she was, and where she lived. The next day, she called on the devout and fashionable lady, was received, and at once related her business: "Yesterday, you wore a bracelet with

a miniature of my father—and a dress and shawl of mine, and now have on another dress of mine—all taken from my house on A—— river in South Carolina. What else of mine you have I know not; but I set a peculiar value on that bracelet with the likeness of my dead father. If you will give it up, I will not disturb you in the possession of the rest."

The devout and fashionable lady, (the congregation of Grace Church are the cream of New York society,) gladly surrendered the bracelet, and with a lightened conscience kept the rest of the stolen goods.

A gentleman, with whom we were connected, had in his house on his plantation on W—— river a well selected library that cost at least $30,000. He died from the effects of fatigue and exposure in military service, and some months after that, some United States steamers penetrated into the river, and some of the officers visited this plantation. Content with the rich plunder they found there, they did not burn the house; for rich plunder sometimes mollified their hatred of rebellion. But they deliberately packed up the library, and shipped it to the North. They, however, preferred money to books. The quantity of plunder of all kinds carried to the North rendered theirs little salable there; and, inferring the wealth of the owner from the style of the mansion and its sumptuous furniture, at the end of the war they wrote to offer to return the books for a consideration. But in this, as in almost every other case, the wealth of the South had perished, and the library was never ransomed.

Nothing aggravated the tempers of the patriotic champions of the Union so much as being disappointed of plunder. During Sherman's march through South Carolina, by a route still marked by the ashes and ruins of numberless mansions, one of our young kinsmen, less happy than others who fell in battle, retreating with the remnant of his corps before the enemy, died from the effects of fording swollen streams, and other exposures in mid-winter, and was buried in the yard of the Episcopal church at W——. Soon after this a detachment of Sherman's troops reached that place. Seeing a new made grave, they suspected buried treasure, and dug up the body. Provoked at this disappointment, they placed the body upright against a tree, and set fire to the church. While it was burning they taunted the dead Confederate, asking, "What do you think now of your fine church? What do you think of your glorious Confederacy?" and continued scoffing at the dead soldier and the burning church in the spirit of fiends.

It is on numberless such experiences in their own family circles that Southern men can look back. They were characteristic of the war and the victors. Nor can we see any excuse for putting Butler forward in solitary preëminence. Plunder was the motive that impelled the Northern hosts. Without it their ranks would have been thin indeed. It out-weighed patriotism, the spirit of military enterprise, and even

the cash bounties lavished upon the hundreds of thousands of Irish and German recruits. It was the ace of trumps, with which the recruiting sergeant won bodies and the Devil won souls throughout the war. We will give an example to show how it worked.—The venerable Dr. B——, so well known as a naturalist and a Lutheran divine, spent much time in the hospitals, visiting friend and foe. The great flood of German recruits imported into the North were infidels, believing in neither God nor Devil; for both Luther and the Pope are at a sad discount in Germany. But there are some exceptions to this general unbelief. A German soldier was taken, desperately wounded, in one of the many fights around Charleston—and brought to a hospital. Seeing Dr. B—— active there, and learning who and what he was, he sent for him, and asked for absolution, according to the rites of the Lutheran Church. The venerable Doctor condoled with him, prayed for him, and inquired into the state of his heart. "You are a soldier," he said, "a dangerous trade to the soul as well as the body—for a soldier is often tempted to unchristian acts. Have you done nothing which, as a dying man you would repent of, and undo if you could?" The soldier's conscience seemed to trouble him little—yet, when questioned, he admitted that besides what he had done as a soldier under orders—he had turned the war to profit on his private account. He had assisted to plunder more than one house—eased more than one man of his purse and his watch—and occasionally destroyed valuable property that he could not carry off. Picking up a few spoons here, some jewelry there, and other occasional prizes, he had had a merry and prosperous time. It was all rebel property—and lawful spoil. He had burned no houses, because he expected the houses and lands to be allotted to Union soldiers at the end of the war. "But I shall not live" he said with a sigh, "to get my share."

Dr. B—— strove to convince him that even war did not license the plundering of private property—and that he, coming into a country of which he knew nothing, and waging war on a people whose very language was strange to him—might be mistaken in supposing that they had no right to the homes they had built, the goods they had acquired, and the lands they had inherited from their fathers. That he had better recognize the possibility of his being in error, perhaps criminal error, and appeal to the mercy of God. But the Doctor reasoned in vain. The soldier had been so well schooled in the dogma, that every man, woman, and child in the South was a rebel, and that rebels had no rights, that he would not tolerate any other supposition. "I did not send for you to talk about these matters," he impudently exclaimed, "but to get absolution and the rites of the Church."

"Without confession and repentance," replied Dr. B——, "there can be no absolution, nor pardon for sin, and you will not

tolerate even a doubt whether a misinformed conscience may not have betrayed you into acts that may startle a dying man" and pressed by other calls, he reluctantly left him unabsolved.

The clergy of the Church of Rome are more chary of the secrets of the confessional, or they might lay open a multitude of similar and worse cases in the Irish, as well as the German wing of the grand army of the North.

"In the infancy of mankind," says a late English historian, "by the usages of war, the persons and property of the vanquished were at the disposal of the conquerors, and from the sack of cities and sale of captures, vast sums were obtained, which constituted the object and reward of such inhuman hostility. But, with the growth of opulence, and the extension of more humane ideas, their rigid usages have been universally softened among civilized nations. It is the disgrace of the leaders of the French revolution, amid all their declamation in favor of humanity, to have departed from these beneficial usages, and under the specious name of contributions, and making war support war, to have revived in the nineteenth century, the rapacious oppression of the ninth." The Yankees improved upon the French revolutionary laws of war. Rule or ruin was their motto—and no country overrun by France ever was so completely ruined as the South.

We return to our scape-goat. If the object be to revive the ancient practice of expiatory sacrifice, and send forth a scape-goat into the wilderness burthened with the sins of a whole people, it is forgotten that the scape-goat was an innocent animal, and not, like Beast Butler, burthened with abundant sins of his own. If they select him as an exceptional instance of the uniform of the soldier, serving as a cloak to the robber, we appeal to the incidents of every campaign in every part of the South, in proof of the monstrous injustice done to Butler, in burdening him with the sins of a host, besides his own.

Whatever developments of the character of the conquerors may have resulted from this war, its issue exhibits in the people of the South, some eminent Christian features. To love your enemies and to do good to them that persecute you, are truly evangelical traits. Multitudes in the South have already not only forgiven but forgotten the rude experiences of the past, and exhibit a growing love to their Northern brethren, and a growing devotion to the parental government which they lately struggled to throw off. We infer this from their words and their acts. Their motives we must leave to the great Searcher of hearts.

PEN-FEATHER!

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

THAT was rather a pungent criticism of Haslitt,—"If you would see the greatness of human genius, read Shakspeare; if you would see the smallness of human learning, read his commentators."

We might, perhaps, with some show of propriety, paraphrase this a little, and suggest that if you desire to see the greatness of human humbug, read the prospectuses of the mass of the periodicals at the present day,—if you wish to behold the smallness of the same humbug, read the periodicals themselves. But then—we *don't* say this: ah! no—on the contrary we have decided to "never mention it." This much we do say, however, and are prepared to incur the expense of standing up to the opinion—that good literary material cannot, in these days, be procured until it is liberally paid for, and just so long as our periodicals, journals, &c., depend upon what is styled "voluntary contributions," will they prove ridiculously inferior to the standard of their respective prospectuses. There is a reason for this—simple enough too. To experienced writers, the mere reputation of an author is nothing. They have seen themselves in print, and "got well of it" long ago. The "noble thirst for fame" (?) has subsided with other juvenile spasmodics; the whooping-cough and "first love," for instance. Their "insatiate rage" after a pen-feather popularity has simmered down. Some degree of rationality and common sense, now marks the spot where lie entombed all their "mad ambitions," *et cætera*, *et cætera*, for newspaper notoriety. Such writers would, in all probability, make literature a profession, and by careful study and thorough cultivation, do credit to themselves and the beautiful "land we love," could the days of miracles come again, and, among other marvels, literature be made a "*paying* institution." As it is, however, literary labor, generally speaking, does *not* pay, and our periodicals, &c., are, for the most part, left to the tender mercies of the army of—Pen-feather. (Webster, I believe, writes it *pin*-feather, but I choose the "every day" pronunciation, as being more appropriate in this literary connection!)

Beleaguered editors are daily blockaded by the great unfledged, and hourly bombarded with "voluntary contributions." "A few more peanuts!" cry the valiant

commanders, after the manner of Gen. Taylor desiring Capt Bragg to bestow "a little more grape." But—the army of Pen-feather means well. Each member has a "mad ambition" or two. Some indeed, have half a dozen, more or less. Having largely "eaten of the insane root which takes the reason prisoner," they hold themselves in readiness to get up "insatiate longings" of best material upon shortest notice. Their pet "ambitions" seem easy and natural enough, (to them.) Such, for example, as crowning themselves with immortality and the editor with everlasting fortune; making their favorite periodical THE leading star of the nation; regenerating society single-handed;—

"Keeping up the sun at night, in heaven—
And *other possible ends.*"

And when, after all, the favored periodical goes down into the Dead Sea of utter failure who is to blame? Not the herculean hosts of Pen-feather, surely! Certainly not. Long live "voluntary contributions!"

"Pay as you go" is, undeniably, the true philosopher's stone, and applies to poets and preachers in as full force as to tradesmen and tailors. Take the dozens of periodicals, which have been from time to time established in the South, and failed:—was there a solitary instance in which this plain principle of right was not persistently ignored? Who heeded the divine law of "*quid pro quo*?" "Voluntary contributions" was the lee shore upon which they met the spectres,—Wreck and Ruin. And yet, in the frowning face of this inexorable fact, other ventures are being made upon the same false basis. In a late letter, a brilliant woman writes:—"A new literary journal is announced in Richmond, 'The ——.' I am not aware whether it expects its contributors to write for pastime, or for greenbacks. I fear much of the former and but little of the latter." What sly and saucy sarcasm in that suggestion of writing "for pastime!" Does anybody write for "pastime," or for "fame," (?) or because they "can't help it," (!) in these degenerate days of Demas, save and except the Impulsia Gushingtons of Pen-feather? If my friend's surmise be correct, it is not difficult to foretell the fate of the new journal. For a time the goodwill offerings of intellect and experience will sustain it—but such writers, though generous as well as gifted, cannot be expected to write for "pastime,"—they will drop off one by one;—the new periodical will be valorously besieged by the brigades of Pen-feather, and the verdict of next year will be,—"Brilliant with promise—but—died with 'voluntary contributions.'"

It is a portion of my religious belief, that we can have nothing in this world, (from our fellow-creatures,) which is worth possessing, unless, in some way, we *pay for it.* God is not one of us—He is "over all, blessed forever," and His dew and sunshine, like His great salvation, are ours "without money and without price." But, between man and

his fellow-man, remuneration is the rule. Compensation, here, is a divine law; and it is even the experience of worldly wisdom that "he who pays the best, wins the best." It seems rather odd, therefore, to see certain proprietors of magazines, journals, &c., stolidly ignoring both the divine law and the world's wisdom, and as stupidly hoping for,—nay, if you can bring yourself to believe their own declarations, insanely *expecting* success! In every journalistic enterprise, with which I have been connected as editor, I exhausted the resources of the English language in vain endeavors to persuade proprietors that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and what is worth *printing*, (in a literary periodical,) *is worth paying for*. Failing in this, I resorted to a limited acquaintance with the "dead languages" to prove that the only true policy of a proprietor, is,—"pay as you go;" engage none but the best writers, and compensate them liberally. Invariably they—"couldn't afford it."

"Could they 'afford'—*to fail?*" was the next cheerful question, put forward with a countenance suggestive of *all* the languages, both dead and alive, that ever flourished at Babel. "Fail?" *they* "fail!" With benevolent eyes I was regarded as a promising candidate for the nearest Lunatic Asylum.

They "fail" indeed! The star of the great Unfledged was in the ascendant,—the flag of Pen-feather to the fore,—everybody was cramping violently with several "mad ambitions" after immortality and the usual accompaniments;—"in the bright lexicon of youth there was no such word as *fail?*" &c., &c., "*et cætera* and so on." *Vive la* Impulsia Gushington!

But—Pen-feather, cramps, "ambitions," and general spasmodics to the contrary notwithstanding;—failure was *deserved*, and invariably it came. For, to all such, "come he slow, or come he fast" the fiat "Failure" comes at last.

It is to be presumed that I am a remarkable instance of original sin and total depravity,

> "By my guardian angel quite given up"

to hardness of heart and irredeemable *savagerie*, for I confess to being possessed by a peculiarly pungent pleasure,—very wicked, and very enjoyable,—when I see such literary "enterprises" (?) go down one after another into the *deadest* sort of a Dead Sea; as they are sure to do, sooner or later. Being personally connected with them does not lessen my saucy satisfaction in the least. I like to believe, once in a while, that shams *cannot* be perpetual, that "right *is* right," however wronged, and will (now and then,) assert itself as such! And then, it affords one such a charming opportunity of exclaiming to the advocates of Pen-feather and "voluntary contributions"—in a glow of virtuous triumph—"*I* told you so!" after the oracular manner of the ancient dame whose cow "swallowed the grindstone!"

COMPENSATION! what a pleasant ring the word hath—almost as soothing as "completely com-

fortable." The bards of old most probably had a realizing sense of the beauty of both words, for their compensation consisted in being made thoroughly comfortable. Aside from receiving for their minstrelsy, (like the Hibernian) their "atin' and slapin'," they were the recipients of untold quantities of honors and largesses,—were presented, on all occasions, with drinking-cups of silver, and "fair chains of gold" by the loveliest ladies in the land.—Divers and sundry of our modern bards, could, with such incentives as these, get up the requisite amount of inspiration for a laureate. If you don't believe it, "try it on" them for a season or two. Southern publishers, for the most part, have proceeded upon a different understanding of the bard's requirements. The idea with them, has been to utterly ignore all such vulgarities as bread, butter, and broad-cloth; to elevate the poet into a sort of hemi-demi-semi-angel, who is supposed to exist in some miraculous manner upon nectar and ambrosia, ("no bills") and to be as conveniently insensible to the requirements of Eve's "fig-leaves" as are the ethereal demoiselles of the Black Crook.

Our publishers' philosophy has been hitherto, a trifle too Platonic. I quote, as pertinent to this delicate subject a neat antithesis: as follows:

"The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a God; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply those vulgar wants. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars, and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bow-shot, and he hit it in the white."

Now—if I were a news-boy, or a tom-boy, or some other happily irresponsible being, with no dread of the awful "Proprieties" before my eyes, I should assuredly be tempted to shout—"Bully for Bacon!" As it is, I don't for a moment venture upon such freedom of expression, of course,—nevertheless I endorse his philosophy just as cordially as though I *had* said it—a couple of times. And, if it were at all admissible, I would respectfully suggest that Southern publishers study two or three of the rudiments of the Baconian philosophy. Goldsmith (possibly,) had the Platonic publisher and a crowd of Baconian poets in his "mind's eye" when he remarked,

"*He* went on refining
And thought of convincing—while *they* thought of dining."

This *expose* of a vulgar longing for the "flesh-pots of Egypt" may be humiliating to the devotees of Helicon, but is it not natural enough to beings whom Hamlet so aptly styles "this quintessence of dust?" The poet may as well acknowledge that he cannot live forever in the Andes of his intellect,—(even supposing him *always*

to be supplied with such an airy eyrie,) and the sooner his publisher acknowledges it also, the better it will be for both parties. If this subject still prove dark to the understanding of the latter, let him look at it from another point of view—self-interest. Let him learn somewhat from the experience of "*The Land We Love*," —the only Southern periodical with which I am now acquainted which practices the Baconian system ;—which uses the philosopher's stone "pay as you go,"—and for that reason the only one which is to-day an accredited and acknowledged SUCCESS!

It is frequently "thrown up" to those of us who are not dependent either upon Pen or Press for a subsistence, that we *ought*, as a matter of duty, to write "for the support of Southern literature." That string has been played upon until, to use an expressive vulgarism, it has literally "played out." It is a singular fact that we don't always do just what we "*ought*" to do. Many of us, indeed, have a proclivity for doing directly the reverse of what is laid upon us as our "bounden duty." When a publisher lays such duty upon us with a force as though he said, "The Philistines be upon thee," we are apt to rise like Samson of old to a sense of our independence, and his chains and green withes of obligations are indeed "esteemed as stubble." If he still persists, we might turn upon him with the taunt—"*Where is* that Southern literature which you urge us to support?" And this—when I come to think of it—reminds me that several of us for "lo! these many years" have been on a perpetual "reconnoissance in force" after "Southern literature" (so-called,) and, to the best of our understanding and belief, we have never come up with it yet. Like the Kraken, the "Fool-killer," or the "Big Snake" of Tennessee, it is evidently a myth. We have gone forth to its "support" quite a number of times, and always come back about as well satisfied as Ixion after his celebrated love-scene with a cloud. Verily, "Southern literature," *per se*, is a miserably cloudy affair—of the mist, misty. Several of us have come to the very practical conclusion arrived at by an urchin, whose bump of the marvelous was at first greatly exercised in regard to the "late" Tennessee Serpent. In the midst of a group of juveniles who were listening with round-eyed wonder to the accounts of the monster, a sense of Munchausen seemed to steal over him, and he exclaimed with an emphatic dash of his bare heel into the sward,—"Tell ye what,—I ain't going to plank *my* shin-plaster till I *see* the *snake!*" May we be pardoned, if we begin at last to divine a little of the Munchausen in the marvelous stories we have heard of a "Southern literature," and to feel that it is rather an Ixion-like business to attempt the "support" of a thing unless we see something, which will bear sustaining, and admit of being supported.

But, it irks me to treat so sad a subject thus lightly. One is tempted at times to wonder what would have been the status of

letters at the South to-day, had the Confederacy proved—a fact. In reverie, which, (Hugo says,) is "thought in its nebulous state, bordering closely upon the land of sleep"—we dream wild dreams. Often-times in idling over Hamlet, we sit down under the "gray gleam of the willow-leaf drooping over the death stream of Ophelia," and marvel what "might have been," had the lovely lady lived and wedded the prince of Denmark. So sitting now in the gray gloom of our own mournful willows, we ask ourselves again and again, what "might have been" had the young Confederacy, instead of going down into Fate's dark stream, stood forth grandly as the bride of Empire, with Glory and Freedom as her ministers? That was a fair vision which came to many of us only a few years ago, "in the land where we were dreaming." When it darkened down, with it "a thousand lovely dreams seemed retiring, and beckoning as they retired towards isles of palms and, valleys of enchantment; mountains ribbed with gold, and seas of perfect peace and sparkling silver; immeasurable savannas and forests hid by the glowing West," of a glorious Future. Dreams indeed! when instead of splendid beauty rivalling that of a new creation we awoke to Chaos and its "chimeras dire."

But the fact, that amid this chaos and confusion, we need more than ever before, our strongest workers and our best writers, is no dream. Where are they? Are they at work for the "land we love," bringing order out of chaos, and beauty from blight? Are not our workers for the most part, palsied and prostrate—our writers silent and scattered? Very few centre in any one journal. Many of the finest now lend their strength to build up Northern periodicals. Generally, they write under assumed names, as one of the brightest expresses it—"We work for bread, at the same time holding up our skirts to keep them from the mire." Another exclaims—"Oh! for a paying engagement with some *very* Yankee magazine!" When such things as these "overcome us like a summer cloud *without* our especial wonder—(in fact, without any wonder at all considering the persistent Platonics of Southern publishers;) can we, for a moment, wonder at the statement made in a late number of the "Land We Love"—that in one Southern city 240 Northern journals were taken, to *one* Southern!

Some months since, John R. Thompson was severely censured by unthinking persons because he contributed to *Harper*. The "Advertiser and Register" (Mobile,) defended him manfully and justly. When we have a commodity to sell, we *will* sell to the highest bidder. We may deprecate the *necessity* of selling the best brains of the South to *Harper*, which for years past has undergone torments to prove that the South *has no brains at all*—but is it not a splendid contradiction to this theory that "Harper" now buys Southern brains at higher rates than the South itself is willing to accord them? The practice of to-day emphatically contradicts the theory of years past.

I deprecate the necessity of selling Southern brains outside of the South, (and one reason is, because they are grievously needed at home,) but I deprecate still more the necessity, which some think exists for selling under assumed names. If we write for the very Yankee-est of Yankee magazines, let us sign our names in full, and if we don't happen to have enough of patronymic to keep up the requisite amount of excitement, let us "take on" a new installment of initials, after the manner of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, of sensational memory. Seriously, however, if we do a thing, let us do it openly and directly; shouldering the responsibility, and careless of consequences; as Mr. Thompson has done. If one's real name has any influence, don't let us be ashamed to give that influence to any journal, for which we are not ashamed to write. No need to suffer any undue excitement regarding one's "reputation."—Care for the *character* and let "reputation" take care of itself. If it is not strong enough to do that, by all means let it die off at once, and be rid of it, for it is an exceedingly worthless possession, held in estimation only by the ranks of Pen-feather.

A marked change has come over us. We live now in the down-right days of Demas. As many as ten fair writers have said to me within the past year,—"I can write now *only* for money." This is just as it should be. Authors develop, and their intellects grow like beautiful and pleasant rivers.

The channels of thought widen and deepen,—the grasp is firmer,—the vision bolder and broader;—maturity and experience gazing fearlessly at the imminent *needs* of the hour, feel that to utter words acceptable to such needs, they must *think* deeply before each utterance. To write in consonance with our present necessities requires study, time, and thought—without which the conscience of a true writer cannot be satisfied. But time—which to Pen-feather is *nothing*, is *money* to Intellect and Experience,—and, sorrowful to tell; they have but little of that to give gratuitously. Shall they be paid for their expenditure of time and labor? This question is of even more importance to publishers than to the authors themselves.—I have an intuition that "voluntary contributions" will be as difficult to discard as the cultivation of cotton—therefore let us sing, as usual, long live "failure," and *Vive la Pen-feather!*

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE "Washington Artillery," of New Orleans, was founded in 1838—a company being organized under that name. Between 1838 and 1842, it assumed the name of "Native American Artillery." In the latter year it was reorganized as "Washington Artillery," under which name it has since been known. In the Mexican War, it was Company A of the regiment raised and commanded by Col. Persifer F. Smith, with J. B. Walton as Lieut. Colonel. Soon after arriving in Mexico, Col. Smith was made a Brigadier General and Col. Walton was promoted to the command of the regiment. After their term of enlistment expired, the company returned to New Orleans.

When the storm of secession burst upon the country, this company resolved to follow the fortunes of its State, and was enlarged to five companies and organized into a battalion.

Early in 1861, having filled its ranks to the number required by law, it offered its services directly, by telegraph, to Jefferson Davis, then at Montgomery, Ala., and sent a delegation, consisting of David Urquhart, Esq., and Col. E. A. Palfrey, to confer with Mr. Benjamin, then Secretary of State of the infant Confederacy.

Their services being accepted—as offered—"for the war," the command was ordered to be mustered into the Confederate service, and to hold itself in readiness to be transported to Richmond, Va.

Well do we remember the day, May 25, 1861, a bright Sunday morning, when the command, splendidly uniformed and equipped, with their silken colors—presented by the ladies—waving over them, were drawn up in line under the green trees of Lafayette Square to answer to their names, which they had placed upon their muster rolls, as called by the Adjutant of the command and the mustering officer, Lieutenant Phifer. A finer looking body of men we have never seen; how many, alas! of those noble forms now lie mouldering in the dust under the sod of almost every State from Louisiana to Pennsylvania. How many do we meet upon our streets with limbs missing, and with honored scars upon their bodies, telling of death and danger dared in a cause which they believed to be right.

On the 26th of May, 1861, the four equipped companies left New Orleans amid the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs of thousands, and the booming of cannon, en route for Virginia. Arriving at Richmond they were cordially met by the hospitable citizens of that now famous city, and there remained, perfecting their drill and putting themselves in complete readiness for the field. On the 31st June, the battalion left Richmond to report to Gen. Beauregard at Manassas, where the Confederates were then concentrating. On the 18th of July, it fought its first battle, at Bull Run,

and engaged in that "artillery duel" with the best batteries of the Federal army, which electrified the country and made its name famous. On the 21st July, at Manassas, it again fought face to face with Griffin's West Point Battery and Sprague's Rhode Island Battery, which were left on the field when the Federal force retreated. On the 17th September, it fought in the affair of Lewinsville, near Washington. On the 8th March, 1862, it broke up winter quarters on Bull Run, and marched with Longstreet's column to Orange Court-House, thence via Richmond to Yorktown, reporting to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. At "Seven Pines," or "Fair Oaks," two of its batteries were present and under fire, but not engaged. By a singular coincidence, a captured battery of light 12-pounders (Bronze Napoleons,) commanded by the Federal Captain Miller, were brought off the field by, and were afterwards presented to, the Confederate Captain Miller, of the 3rd Company of the battalion.

June 5—The 1st company engaged the enemy's batteries across the Chickahominy at New Bridge. During the "seven days' battles around Richmond" the battalion was held in reserve by General Longstreet, and though present and under fire at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, was not engaged. After McClellan's change of base, the 1st Company accompanied Col. Stephen D. Lee, of the cavalry, to Wilcox's Wharf, on the James River, below McClellan's camp, and shelled the passing transports and engaged in a duel with two of the enemy's ironclads. This, we believe, was the first instance in the war where light field guns were brought to face the superior calibre of the iron-clads.

August 23, 1862—Engaged in an artillery fight at Rappahannock Station, and lost Lieutenant Brewer, 3rd Company, a most gallant officer, killed. On the 28th August, it contributed its aid in forcing the passage of Thoroughfare Gap, near the battle-field of Manassas. On the 29th and 30th, fought in the second battle of Manassas, with Longstreet's corps, over its old fighting ground of the previous year.

Sept. 6, 1862—Crossed the Potomac with Gen. Lee, and entered Maryland. 14th September, present at fight at Crampton Gap. 15th, 16th and 17th September, engaged in battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg.

Dec. 13—Engaged in great battle at Fredericksburg, calling forth high praise from Gens. Lee and Longstreet, for its gallantry, coolness and skill in the defence of Marye's Hill against six different assaults of half of Gen. Burnside's army.

Dec. 27—In winter quarters. Here the men built their first theatre, and brought out "Pocahontas," "Toodles," and other pieces, which they performed to crowded houses, drawn from the army and citizens of the vicinity, and even from Richmond.

April 30, 1863—Winter quarters broken up, and command marched to Fredericksbug.

May 3—Engaged in battle at Chancellorsville, part of the com-

mand taking their old position on Marye's Hill. Here they were attacked by Sedgwick's whole corps of 20,000 men, and the two meagre regiments of Mississippi troops, being unable to check the advance of such overwhelming odds, were obliged to retire. The command lost six guns, and Capt. Squires, Lieuts. Owen and Galbraith, and the whole of the 1st company were captured at their posts, the last gun being fired after the battery was entirely surrounded, and the men of the Maine regiment at the very muzzles of the pieces. It was a gallant charge and a gallant defence.

May 9—March to Po River and go into camp to graze the horses. June 3—Officers and men of 1st Company captured at Chancellorsville return to the command, having been exchanged. June 4—Take up line of march for Culpeper Court-House on the road again towards the Potomac. 25—Cross the Potomac at Williamsport, and encamp on the Hagerstown road. July 2—March from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. July 3—Engaged all day in the great battle of Gettysburg. July 4—Ordered with Gen. Imboden as an escort to the baggage trains of the army to Williamsport. July 6—The trains are attacked at Williamsport by Kilpatrick and are defended by the battalion, aided only by a strong line of skirmishers, composed of hastily armed teamsters and quartermasters' clerks, commanded by quartermasters and ordnance officers.—July 24—Encamped at Culpeper Court-House to rest and refit.—Sept. 9—Marched towards Richmond, being ordered to accompany Gen. Longsteeet with reinforcements for Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga. Halted at Petersburg for lack of transportation.—Remain in camp at this point all the following winter. During the winter, the 1st Company sent on an expedition to New Berne, and 3rd Company to Lynchburg during Averill's raid. The theatre is again put in operation, and the kind citizens of the "Cockade City" seemed never to tire in acts of hospitality and kindness to the boys. The bright eyes of the fair ones proved in more than one instance more fatal than the cannon shot of the enemy. May 5, 1864—Butler having landed at City Point and Bermuda Hundreds, the battalion is placed in the works defending the city, supported by the hastily organized militia of the city and two regiments of North Carolina troops. Butler demonstrating on the railroad near Walthal Junction, a portion of the command takes part in the affair at that point, repulsing the enemy and taking the railroad.—May 16—Having moved to Drury's Bluff, the battalion takes a prominent part in the defence and battle at Drury's Bluff. Though all the batteries of the command were conspicuous during the day, the 1st Company had the good fortune to engage Belcher's Rhode Island Battery, of the Federal army, at a distance of 150 yards, silencing his guns, killing his horses and causing him to fall into the hands of the Confederates. Captain Owen severely wounded in the head, Lieut. Galbraith mortally. The captured

guns were presented to Captain Owen and his battery on the field by Gen. Beauregard, who ordered them inscribed. Mr. Davis personally complimented the battalion on the field. Private Forrest, of 2nd Company, greatly distinguished. The guidon of the 2nd company having been placed upon the parapet of Fort Stephens, the staff was shot away by sharpshooters. He replaced it under a terrific fire of "minnie."

June 4—Transferred to the lines at Cold Harbor, and guarding the fords of the Chickahominy with Fitz Lee's cavalry.

June 18—Gen. Grant having transferred his army to the south side of the James River, the battalion is ordered to Petersbug.

Jun 20 and 21, 1864—Guns put in position on the lines of Petersburg, and there remained constantly under fire until April 2, 1865.

April 3—The cities of Richmond and Petersburg having been evacuated, the command moves with Lee's army in retreat.

April 8—Having been transferred to the train of reserve artillery, marching at the head of the column, they are surrounded at Appomattox Station by Sheridan's cavalry, and attacked. The attack is repulsed. During the night, finding escape impossible, and being cut off from the remainder of the army, the guns are buried, the carriages destroyed, and the command scatters to the mountains. No formal surrender with the remainder of the Army of Northern Virginia took place. Officers and men hearing afterwards of Lee's surrender, gave themselves up at various points. Many succeeded in reaching General Johnston, in North Carolina, and accompanied Mr. Davis as part of his escort on his march.

The 5th Company, having been left behind at New Orleans when the four equipped batteries were sent to Virginia, took the field on the call of Gen. Beauregard, before the battle of Shiloh, and under its most gallant officers, Hodgson, Slocomb, Vaught, Chalaron and Leverich, carried the guidon of the Washington Artillery through all the battles of the Western Army, from Shiloh to Murfreesboro', Perryville, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro', and siege of Mobile, vieing with their old comrades of the Virginia Army in deeds of gallantry, skill and daring. It became the favorite battery of Generals Beauregard, Bragg and Johnston.

List of Battles in which the Five Batteries were Engaged, and the Officers and Men Specially Mentioned in Col. Walton's Reports for Distinguished Services.

BULL Run, July 18, 1861.—Portions of 1st, 3d and 4th Companies engaged.

Special Mention.—Capt. Eshleman (wounded.) Lieuts. Squires and Richardson. Sergts. Owen,

Galbraith, Brown and Brewer.

George Muse, 1st Company, killed. Tarleton and Zebal—wounded.

MANASSAS, July 21, 1861.—1st and 4th Companies engaged.

Special Mention.—Adjutant W. M. Owen, Lieuts. Squires and Richardson, Sergeant E. Owen, Joshua Reynolds, killed. E. C. Payne, wounded.

SEVEN PINES, May 30, 1862.—1st and 3d Companies present under Squires and Miller, but not engaged. Brought off captured cannon.

"SEVEN DAYS AROUND RICHMOND," June, 1862.—Command held as reserve for Longstreet's right wing of the army. Under fire at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, but not engaged.

FIGHT WITH GUNBOATS—Wilcox's Landing, July 7, 1862.—Special Mention by Capt. Squires—Lieuts. E. Owen and Galbraith—1st Company only engaged.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—Aug. 23, 1862.—1st and 3d Companies engaged; 2d and 4th in reserve; rifled guns only used.

Special Mention.—Capts. Miller and Squires; Adjt. W. M. Owen. 1st Company—Lieut. Owen, commanding 1st Company temporarily; Lieut. Galbraith; Sergt. T. Y. Aby; Sergt. Major Dupuy; Taylor Marshall, (killed.) 3d Company—Lieuts. Hero and McElroy; Brewer, (killed;) Sergts. Neill, Handy, Collins and Ellis; Corpls. Coyle, Kremmelberg, Pettiss and DeBlanc.

Killed—Brewer, Chambers, Koss, Marshall, Thompson. Wounded—Phelps, Fell, Joubert and others.

SECOND MANASSAS—Aug. 30, 1862—*Special Mention*—Adjt. W. M. Owen; Lieut. E. Owen, commanding 1st Company temporarily; Capts. Miller and Squires, Richardson, Norcom, Lieut. Battles; privates J. B. Cleveland and W. W. Davis.

SHARPSBURG, Sept. 17, 1862—*Special Mention*—Adjt. W. M. Owen; Capts. Squires, Miller, Richardson, Eshleman; Lieuts. E. Owen, (wounded) Galbraith, Brown, McElroy, Hero, (wounded) Hawes, Britton, (wounded) DeRussey, Norcom, Battles.—Sergts. Dupuy, Ellis, Bier and Dempsey; Ord. Sergt. Brazleman.

FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 13, 1862—1st, 3d and 4th Companies on Marye's Hill.

Special Mention.—Adjt. W. M. Owen; Capts. Squires, Miller and Eshleman; Lieuts. Galbraith, Brown, McElroy and Norcom, Battles and Apps; Sergts. West, J. N. Payne, McGaughey; Corporals Kursheedt, Spearing (killed,) Ruggles (killed.)

CHANCELLORSVILLE, May 3d, 1863—All batteries engaged.

Special Mention—Major Eshleman; Adjt. Owen; Capt. Squires (prisoner,) Miller and Norcom; Lieuts. E. Owen, John Galbraith (prisoners,) DeRussey (wounded;) Capt. Richardson, Lieuts. Britton and Hawes.

GETTYSBURG, July 3, 1863—All batteries engaged.

Special Mention—Major Eshleman; Adjt. W. M. Owen; Capts. Miller, Squires, Richardson and Norcom, Lieuts. E. Owen and Brown (wounded;) private Wm. Forrest (wounded.)

WILLIAMSPORT, July 6, 1863.—A fight for the train. Artillery

and teamsters vs. cavalry. All the battalion engaged. Second Company lost eight men out of twelve, at one gun.

PORT WALTHAL JUNCTION, May, 1864.—First company engaged.

DRURY'S BLUFF, May 16, 1864.—All companies engaged.

Capt. E. Owen, distinguished and severely wounded; Lieutenant Galbraith, distinguished and mortally wounded; Wm. Forrest, distinguished; Peychaud and Chambers killed; Phelps, Rossiter and Everett, wounded.

THE MINE, PETERSBURG LINES, July 30, 1864.

APPOMATTOX STATION, April 3, 1865.—Guns buried and carriages destroyed.

The Fifth Company participated in the following battles with the Western Army:

Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Siege of Mobile.

The papers of the command having been lost, we have been unable to obtain a full list of the killed and wounded of the command from company officers, as yet. We trust we shall be enabled to publish a complete one ere long.

As this is an official record of the services of our Artillery, drafted from the official papers, it will, of course, supersede all others, and take its proper place in the History of the Mexican and Confederate Wars.

IN AN OLD DRAWER.

THERE was a moment's pause in the conversation, and then the younger of the speakers exclaimed, "Now, dear Mrs. Grey, let us talk of something else, and think no more of the dreadful war. I know it is very selfish—Mamma says 'wicked,'—but I sometimes grow so weary of the sad subject, which, in its varied and ever-recurring details, brings tears to all eyes, and painful thrills to all hearts:" And, with a deprecating glance at her companion, Katharine Murray, a bright, fair girl of nineteen, threw herself in the cozy arm-chair and drew a long breath. Then, as her remark elicited no reply, she continued: "I see you are inclined to agree with Mamma; but indeed, Mrs. Grey, it is not so bad as it sounds. I do sympathize with the sorrows and sufferings of those around, and am too loyal to the dead and living heroes of our land to be insensible to the wrongs and miseries of our beloved South. But God mercifully spared me any immediate bereavement, and I was too much of a child to mind the hardships and privations, which bore with comparative lightness on our seques-

tered home. I am not disciplined to trouble, and the number and power of the painful thoughts aroused by such reminiscences as our conversation has called up, become, at times, unbearable, and I long to close my ears to all such themes, and turn to something new and cheerful. So, dear lady, do indulge my weakness, and don't think me a marvel of thoughtless frivolity."

"Indeed, my dear Kate, I have no disposition to censure your natural shrinking from dwelling upon what is so painful," replied Mrs. Grey. "I have often experienced something of the same feeling myself. But I was thinking how impossible it is to blot out those four weary, agonizing, years, with their blood-stained record of sorrow and hardships, from the book of our remembrance;" and the speaker glanced sadly down at her deep mourning dress. Then, with an effort, she cleared her brow and, smiling on the young girl, said, "Now tell me how you wish to be amused this rainy morning. You can't walk or ride, my sisters will be occupied for several hours with their school and housekeeping duties;—the busy gentlemen in this literary town have no time for paying their devoirs at the shrine of beauty until the afternoon: so you are left to your own resources, and such assistance as I can give you."

"Then I am to understand that you give me *carte blanche* to choose my own employment and amusement for the next two hours:" And Kate sprang to her feet, with a slight laugh.

"Don't look horrified, Mrs. Grey, my pet diversion is nothing *fast*, like smoking or taking a julep, tho' Mamma pronounces it 'shockingly vulgar.' My favorite recreation, my great weakness, is simply to *rummage:* in other words, to open and thoroughly expose the contents of any box, trunk, or drawer, that looks as if it was intended to exclude prying eyes, and meddling fingers. I don't care for apples, and never felt sure I should have joined in Mother Eve's theft, but must confess that, in my hands, Pandora's box would have been opened so wide, it would have been lucky if even hope had not escaped."

"Very well, I give you free permission to indulge in your favorite pursuit, provided"—

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Grey, but I have heard that 'provided' so often, I know exactly what will come next, and promise faithfully to put everything back just as I find it."

"Now where shall I begin? Those bureau drawers have a very commonplace expression, and suggest nothing but every day clothes, I am not quite equal to diving to the depths of your Saratoga trunk, I think I will unlock the wardrobe, and see what it promises."

"Oh! delightful. Here is a great deep drawer, that will, no doubt, reveal a store of treasures to curious eyes and hands. Now, Mrs. Grey, promise to tell me all you know, about everything I find:" And she seated herself on the floor and drew out the great drawer with an energetic pull.

Mrs. Grey laughed at the girl-

ish curiosity of her young friend, and replied: "I'll do what I can, Kate, to gratify your laudable thirst for knowledge; but I have been from home so long that I have no idea what has accumulated in that drawer during my absence."

"Oh! here are heaps of things that promise delightfully: bundles and boxes of old letters, scraps of old finery, ribbons, silks, and laces," said Kate tossing over the contents with rapid fingers. "And here in this corner is a pile of morocco cases, hinting strongly of silver and jewelry.—What are they, and where did they come from?" Lifting some as she spoke from their hiding place to her lap.

"Those! Why, Kate, those are some of my bridal presents; the sole remnants of worldly possessions that the war left me; silver that I have had no use for in the wanderer's life I have led for years, and jewels laid aside in hours of sorrow. I had almost forgotten them, and really had no idea where they were."

"Your wedding presents! That is charming, for each one must have a history, and, as I open them, you shall tell me of the donors. What lovely coral!—What perfect roses and buds!—One might fancy them just pulled from the bush. Where did they come from? The person, who chose them, must have had exquisite taste."

Mrs. Grey's gentle face grew sad as she looked at the lovely jewels blushing on their white velvet cushion, and she said: "Yes, Kate, they are beautiful, and their beauty is a fair specimen of the taste of the giver. You have often heard us speak of George Gordon, whose witty sayings and merry doings, the girls so often tell. He was my husband's cousin and groomsman, and that coral set is his bridal offering. Noble, generous fellow, he was as brave and true as handsome and brilliant; a chivalrous gentleman, a gallant soldier. He fell while cheering on his men at the disastrous fight of Gettysburg, and lies in a hero's nameless grave."

Quietly, Kate laid the corals down and took up a large case. "Here are beauties too. Silver dessert knives, with pearl handles. Mrs. Grey your friends chose well. What of these?"

"Those come from my dear friend Lizzie L., not long before a bride herself. They tell a sad story too, Katie. Their donor, from being a happy wife, was, in a few short months, changed to a sorrowing widow, with three fatherless children clinging round her; her husband, the victim of malice and treachery, murdered by inches, under the slow torture of the 'Old Capitol,' and only released at last to die in his wife's arms."

"Sad enough," sighed Kate, as she took up a large box carefully tied up, and was proceeding to open it, when a deep drawn breath caused her to look up and see her companion's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Mrs. Grey, I am torturing you with my curious questions, and if all these pretty things are fraught with such painful recol-

lections, I don't want to see them. Ah! I fear you are right; it will be impossible for us to get away from the war!"

"Yes, Kate, I believe they are all more or less sad, and that package in your hands brings back the greatest sorrow of my life; do not open it this morning," and, as the speaker turned her head away, a tear fell on her black dress.

Feeling assured that the package was connected, in some way, with Mrs. Grey's only and darling brother, who had fallen in defence of his country, Kate laid it reverently down, and was about to replace the other boxes, when she espied an old-fashioned oval, of red morocco which she drew out and held up to view, exclaiming in a triumphant tone,

"Now, Mrs. Grey, here is something surely too old to have anything to do with the war, or even with this century. Oh! what a rare, curious, lovely old locket! I know you have a story of your own, you beauty!:" and the speaker held up the newly found treasure and scanned it with delighted eyes.

Mrs. Grey responded to her questioning glance. "Before you settle down to hear the story,—for the locket has a story,—look again, and see if you cannot find another red case like this one."

After a moment's search, Kate exclaimed joyously, "Yes, here is another:" and, gathering up her new discoveries, she rose from the floor, and, drawing a low seat to Mrs. Grey's side, opened the second case.

"Why, Mrs. Grey, here is another one: two of these beautiful things exactly alike! I never saw anything so handsome in my life. This massive, red, gold frame half an inch wide, enclosing this delicately painted picture, a pedestal surmounted by a funeral urn, and two female figures in deep mourning bending over it in attitudes expressive of the most profound sorrow; the whole overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow. What is this inscription on the monument?"

'Early, bright, transient.
'Pure as morning dew.
'He sparkled, was exhaled,
'And went to heaven.'

"Tell me about them, Mrs. Grey."

"Suppose you turn to the other side first, Kate."

"Oh, they are different on this side, but how lovely! I can't tell which is the prettier; this dark brown curl resting on the white agate back-ground, and confined by a knot of pearls, or this deep blue enamel surrounding these two braids of hair,—one brown, like the curl; the other a sunny golden. This last has a curious monogram of gold upon the hair, and here is something engraved upon the broad, gold frame."

"Well, decipher their mysteries first, and then I will tell their story."

"I have done it, Mrs. Grey. The cipher is 'W. S. N.,' and the inscription on the border 'William N. died, aged 22.'

"Yes, you have read them rightly, and though, I fear, with little of the gift of a genuine *raconteur*, I will do my best to tell the

story, which is in itself most interesting.

"Let us leave all our accustomed associations and surroundings, and transporting ourselves back through those sixty odd years, let us pass up the main street of old York Town. Pausing in front of the noble old N— house, even in that day a historic monument, we ascend the terraced walk, and mount the stone steps to the great hall door.

"With a momentary glance of admiration at the lovely landscape, the storied heights of Cornwallis, and the majestic river, like a blue field of light, stretching off to the Chesapeake,—we turn to lift the knocker and demand an entrance. But lo, it is tied up, and, at the same instant, the door rolls noiselessly back on its hinge, and an aged man-servant, with a countenance expressing deep concern, bows low, and silently motions us to enter.—Every thing about the house,—the close drawn blinds, the perfect stillness in the halls, usually resounding with all the merry din of a large family, the serious faces of the negroes, who, with noiseless steps, pass to and fro, betoken present anxiety, and presage coming sorrow.

"From an upper room, comes a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed talking and weeping. Let us follow the old mammy, who, with sorrowful face, goes swiftly up the broad stair-way, and enters the open chamber door.—Within, all the members of the family seem to be collected, and all eyes are turned tearfully towards the great bed in the corner. For there, fever-worn, and hollow-eyed, lies young Wm. N—, the pet and darling of the house, who, early orphaned, was received with loving hearts and open arms by his sorrowing aunt and cousins, and, with his young sister, has always held the most cherished place in their affections.

"Deeper and holier feelings grew between him and one fair young daughter of the house; all things seemed to smile upon their love, and before leaving York a year ago, to complete his medical studies in Philadelphia, he had won a promise from his lady-love to become his bride, on his return home. That return took place some weeks ago. The joyous preparations for the bridal were promptly made, and to-morrow is the appointed marriage day.

"But, a week ago, Dr. N— sickened: measles made their appearance, and, spite of all that anxious physician, or loving nurse could do, he lies before us with the death-shadow lengthening across his brow.

"His sorrowing sister kneels by the bed-side, and hers are the deep drawn sobs, which sometimes break the stillness. But we can no where discern the graceful figure, and golden hair of the betrothed bride, the lovely Susan N.

"But now there is a rustle in the hall, and a whispering among the sable attendants gathered outside the door, and the fair young girl comes gliding into the room arrayed in her bridal robes, a vision of snow-white loveliness. The dying man has expressed a wish, as he cannot wed his darling, at least to see her in her bridal

dress; and with woman's tender self-abnegation, she has dashed away her tears, stifled her sobs, in her anxiety to give him every possible gratification; and, with trembling hands, has hastily put on the snowy attire, prepared with so much loving anticipation of a joyous future. Now her cheek is pale with watching, and her blue eyes dim with weeping, but the sick man's face brightens as he catches sight of her, and it is doubtful whether she could have looked more lovely in the rosy flush of a happy bridal than she does now, as, all forgetful of self, and crushing down the outcries of her stricken heart, she hastens to his side and bends over him.

"You remember, Kate, what you read yesterday from 'Louisa of Prussia?' 'There are sacred moments, which, like the wings of the butter-fly, are injured by the slightest touch of the human hand; words which no human ear ought to listen to; tears which God alone should count.' This is one of those hallowed moments, and silently we pass with the family from that death-chamber, and leave those two sorrowing hearts alone with their God.—Their intended bridal morn saw the eyes of the young lover closed in death, and the heart of the girl bride trembling beneath a widow's crushing bereavement.

"In the course of time, it was found that Dr. N. had bequeathed his whole handsome fortune to his betrothed, and some of his beautiful brown hair was sent to England with directions to have it set in the most costly manner for the sorrowing girls, betrothed and sister, and there the lockets lie in your lap. Those beautiful pictures are rare specimens of the lost art of "hair-painting," in which the hair was ground up and used instead of coloring matter. This locket with the brown curl was sent to the young bride, this other, with the sunny hair, united with the brown, to Dr. N's. sister. Both are long since dead, and both the precious relics are mine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Grey, for your beautiful story, but are you sure it is true?"

"Yes, Kate, for this," taking up the first locket, with its brown curl, "belonged to my grandmother, and, as her namesake, she bequeathed it to me, and the other was left me by my dear old cousin, Mrs. B., for the same reason."

"Your grand-mother! Oh, Mrs. Grey, then the beautiful Susan, married again"—and Kate's voice had almost an accent of indignant reproach.

Mrs. Grey smiled. "You forget, Kate, that she was not actually married to Dr. N. She sorrowed long and deeply, but the heart of eighteen will grow strong and hopeful again, tho' its wounds be deep, and its sorrow true. You know how your own young nature turns from painful things, but seeks after brightness and happiness. My grand-mother had many suitors, attracted by her singular charms of mind and person, and her independent fortune. But for eight years, she resisted all importunities, until, at the age of twenty-six, she con-

sented to marry Mr. Francis P.

"I have heard my grand-father's contemporaries affirm that, as a young man, he was even handsomer and more agreeable than my youthful memory recalls him in his latter years. But I have often wondered whether my dear grand-mamma would have yielded to those attractions, had not the strange similarity in their experience given them a mutual bond of sympathy, before their feelings ripened into love. For he, too, had been deprived, by death, of his chosen bride, and had mourned for her long and truly. And when, in after years, the young lady's father died, he left a handsome legacy to grand-papa, 'whom he had fondly hoped to call his son.'"

"I am so much obliged to you, Mrs. Grey, it is a treat to hear anything of such deep and true interest. How dearly you must prize these lovely old souvenirs. But I don't think," with a mischievous glance, "that you are quite as careful of them as you ought to be. You did not know where they were; and look how the morocco cases are coming to pieces, and the cipher in this beauty is loose and slips about; while the pearls are discolored, and the beautiful curl loosened in one place and another."

"Those pearls were discolored long ago, I have heard, by grand-mamma's wearing the locket in her bosom; and the other evidences of apparent neglect bring us back to the inevitable war again. Yes, Kate, the trail of the serpent is over all we see.

"When Gen. Hunter made his murderous, marauding expedition up the Valley in the summer of 1864, it became necessary to conceal all the valuables in the house, in some hiding place where neither spying negroes, nor prying, thieving Yankees could discover them; and these cases, with other things, were thrust, by my sisters, into a crevice high up inside the chimney. For a day or two, it was doubtful whether the house with all it contained would not share the fate of so many fair mansions, and fall before the incendiary fire-brand. But Providence protected it, and nothing of any consequence was destroyed. But, when all danger was over, it was found that the dampness, or some other deleterious influence of the place of concealment, had produced these injuries, which I hope, at some future day, to get repaired."

THE HAVERSACK.

MEN attach very different ideas to the same word. In the loyal North, "repentance for sin" means heart-felt mourning over Southern wickedness. "Piety," with the Tyng and Beecher saints means everlasting hatred towards the South. "Loyalty," with men of great moral ideas, means an all-consuming, all-pervading itching to steal. Artemus Ward said that he was as "patriotic" as any man in New England, because he was willing to sacrifice the last one of his wife's relations upon the altar of his bleeding country. In our good old North State, giving "the last man and the last dollar for the Confederacy" meant shouting for the glorious Union, when the results of the battle of Gettysburg became fully known. Preserving the pen, which signed the Ordinance of Secession as "an heir-loom in the family forever," meant weeping tears of joy at the sight of the dear old flag restored once more to the gaze of the latently loyal. "Unalterable opposition to negro suffrage" meant being made Fetich Chief by negro votes.

These are a few of the different interpretations given to words and phrases. No word, however, in our language has so many diverse ideas connected with it as "patriotism." We happen to have one illustration, which may serve as a specimen of thousands of the same kind. We were traveling in a county in Missouri, which had been the scene of many bold exploits of the famous rebel guerrilla, Bill Anderson, and there we fell in with a fire-eating dentist, an ardent Southern man, who was as fierce and implacable in his hatred of Yankeedom, as any war-editor at the South, who never heard the whistle of a Yankee bullet. We had a conversation with this warrior-patriot, and by *we* is meant the uncompromising Union editor of this magazine.

Patriotic Dentist. I hate the whole Yankee nation and would like to see the last one of them destroyed.

Uncompromising Union Editor. Doubtless, you killed great numbers of them during the war.

Patriotic Dentist. Well, you see I am a man of family and could not go out and fight the villains. But I did all I could for my suffering country.

Uncompromising Union Editor. With your strong Southern feelings, you must have made many sacrifices for our cause.

Patriotic Dentist. That I did. I went into the brush and pulled, at least, two hundred teeth for bushwhackers and never charged them a cent!

This conversation set the Uncompromising Union Editor to thinking, and it brought up a very pleasant train of thought.—"If," said he to himself, "patriotism could be reduced to pulling teeth, what a happy man I would be. I would spend the rest

of my days in the genial and charming occupation of the dentist. I would extract all the molars of the Freedmen's Bureau, and I would take out all the incisors of the loyal Fetich, Governors, Judges and all, and I would not charge a cent for the job!"

The world is fond of panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Patent medicines have a "run" just in proportion to the claim of universal curative properties.—The largest income rendered last year in Kentucky was by the proprietor of a patent medicine. So it is in many States. In like manner, the best Government the world ever saw found in the oath of loyalty a Radway's Ready Relief for all sorts of rebellious ailments. Poor Missouri was dosed and over-dosed with the nostrum until the stomach refused to take any more. Some of the mayors of cities and towns kept written forms of allegiance constantly on hand, which they subscribed when the Union troops took possession, when the "meelish" quartered on them and when the bush-wackers drove the "meelish" out again. The mayor of Mexico, Missouri, took all three oaths one day and thought that he was through for that day, when the bush-whackers were driven out and he had to resume his oath to the dear old flag.

N. C. K., of Fulton, Missouri, gives the experience of a hotel-keeper at Fulton during the reign of oath-givers and the rain of oaths:

Maj. W. was so persecuted with oath-taking during the four years of war that Boniface grew aweary of his life, and was ready to swear that he was willing to die. He had twenty-seven (27) specimens of oaths inflicted upon him by military officials, binding him to support every sort of political party, and in every possible way. He had been sworn in and out, back and forwards, front and rear, until he took to it so naturally that whenever a stranger rode up to the hotel, he came out and held up his right hand. This apparent willingness to swear any and every thing bluffed a good many of the truly loyal, and he began to hope that his case was generally understood, and that no more oaths would be required of him.

One day, a long, lean, lank, slab-sided Yankee captain rode up, followed by 30 boys in blue.—Boniface went to the door, took off his hat, held up his right hand and put on a solemn, reverential look.

Yankee. What dew yeou mean by standing thar, with yeour hand up?

Boniface. Every officer who comes here swears me to something, and I suppose that you are going to put me through like the rest. I am ready.

Yankee. Waal, yeou are smairt. I'll swear yeou. Yeou dew solemnly swear that yeou will get the best dinner yeou ken for 30 men, and get it in 30 minutes.—There now, yeou are through. Attention company! Prepare to dismount! Dismount!

Boniface never came out again

to meet his guests with uplifted hand.

Elizabeth, Kentucky, gives another swearing anecdote:

In the fall of 1862, I was a political or *civil* prisoner in that Andersonville of the loyal North, known to the unreconstructed as Camp Chase. We received an accession to our mess of a young soldier of the rebel persuasion from Virginia. He was a tall and handsome young fellow, full of quiet fun and good humor.—In the course of a few days after his arrival, an exchange of prisoners was ordered. The roll was called, and our young friend was among the number. At the close of the roll-call, the Commandant of the pen, one Major Linn, made a harangue setting forth the wickedness of the rebellion, the enormity of our offences in wishing to overthrow the best Government the world ever saw, founded as it was in another rebellion against the next best Government the world ever saw, &c,, &c. He ended his long-winded speech, by offering a full and free pardon to any one, who would take the oath of allegiance to the first and best of these best Governments aforesaid, and would swear, moreover, to remain in the Federal lines till the huge and unnatural rebellion should be crushed out by the Irish and German savers of the life of the nation.

During all this harangue, our young Virginian stood with bowed head and contrite looks, the picture of a truly penitent reb. The Commandant noticed his repentant attitude and approached.

Commandant. My young friend, ain't you tired of this unnatural war?

Reb. (Sighing deeply.) Yes, Major, it *is* an unnatural war.

Commandant. I am pleased with your penitence. Take the oath and quit the unholy and unnatural struggle.

Reb. It *is* unholy and unnatural, and I would quit it, but for one thing.

Commandant. Well, my dear Sir, it is never too late to turn from evil. If you have any scruples of conscience, tell them to me, and may be, I can remove them.

Reb. (Sighing again.) I am afraid that you cannot relieve me, or remove my difficulty.

Commandant. Tell me what it is and I will see.

Reb. (Sorrowfully.) Ah, Major, I can't take the oath till Old Abe and all of his nigger-thieves are comfortably in hell!

The Major drove us all out ignominiously. T. H. G.

F. O. S., of Shreveport, La., sends us another of his always welcome tit-bits, for the Haversack. It is a Federal Captain's account of the famous Red River expedition of that renowned warrior, N. P. Banks.

I made one of a group on the War Horse steamer, who were looking out for Rebs and other "obstacles" in the shape of torpedoes, &c., as we gracefully glided over the waters. I noticed a log projecting its head near the bank, and upon it sat a tremendous bull-frog croaking, Bloody nouns, big thing! *big thing!!*

BIG THING!!! I looked around on the enormous fleet, steamers, sail-vessels, barges, boats, iron-clads, tin-clads, cotton-clads—three or four abreast, all pressing eagerly forward to crush the rebellion and to——pick up cotton. Surely thought I, the bull-frog is right, it *is* a BIG THING!

But the disaster came. Turn which way we would, the Rebs were there. Not only was our noble army beaten, but our fleet was scattered and the sole thought was, about getting back as rapidly as possible. The Commodore and General vied with each other in the celerity of their *back-out* and we had the 2.40 races of Winchester repeated on Red River.

Once more, I was on the look-out. Our boat had been struck, not once, but ten thousand times by musketry and artillery, and we got a fresh salute from every bluff and swamp. I saw once more the identical log, upon which the flattering bull-frog had fed our vanity with his complimentary BIG THING. The big fellow was not there, but a keen-eyed little bull-frog had taken his place and he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance. For he set up the croak, Bloody nouns, played out! *played out ! !* PLAYED OUT ! ! !

Our next two anecdotes are from Natchez, Mississippi:

On the retreat from Bristoe to Culpeper, Va.; we were marching quietly along the road, about 4 o'clock in the morning, when we passed a smouldering fire by which, a straggler from some regiment before us, was peaceably snoozing; utterly oblivious that war was in the land and dreaming, may-be, of his sweet-heart on Turpentine Creek, Tar River or Rosin Swamp. As our regiment passed, Sergt. D., of the 12th Mississippi, slipped out, and shaking him roughly, said,

"Mister, wake up and look at the soldiers!"

The man *did* wake up and he *did* let off some "cuss words," but the laugh was so decidedly against him that he soon had to "dry up."

Every soldier knows how angry the boys will get, when tired and weary, if a bungling or martinet officer is long in putting them into position. On the night of the 6th May, 1864, after a hard day's fight, Brig. Gen. —— of ——'s division, kept marching his brigade back and forward until a Yankee bullet would almost have been welcomed. One of Wright's Georgians seemed to appreciate the "fix" of the baffled and befooled brigade, and hallooed in a voice, which was heard above the growls, mutters and 'cuss-words.' "Boys, why don't you swap General —— off for a brush-pile and set it on fire?" The brigade soon got into position! W.

Many curious anecdotes are told of the plain country-women of the "late so-called." Always kind and hospitable, full of sympathy with the suffering of the soldiers, they were often imposed upon by stragglers with the oft-told tale of "had nothing to eat in three days."

We had, some time since, an

anecdote of a good old woman, who was either too cute for one of this class, or so simple as to take him literally at his word and to insist upon feeding him on gruel, until she "brought him around a leetle and made him pert enough to eat something stronger."

From Tupelo, Mississippi, we get an account of another of those worthy dames.

During the Georgia campaign of 1864, while we were lying still in camp, and growing weak for the want of butter-milk, two of our noted butter-milk rangers, Lieut. W. and Sergt. S. Mc—— of Co. K. 1st Mississippi cavalry, started out in search of the much needed refreshment. After a ride of some hours, they came across a cabin in the woods, and upon inquiry found that they could get something to eat. They went in and were kindly treated by the good dame, who chatted quite pleasantly, while the smoke rose from her short pipe and curled gracefully around her nose and spectacles. At length, when the rattle in the adjoining room indicated that dinner was almost ready, she called to her daughter, and this conversation took place:

Old Lady. Is the dinner most ready, Silvy Ann?

Silvy Ann. Yes, marm.

Old Lady. Is the knives all thar?

Silvy Ann. Yes, marm.

Old Lady. Call 'em out and let me see if all is thar.

Silvy Ann. Big butcher, little butcher, razor-blade, shackle-back, cob-handle and Grannie's knife.

Old Lady. They is all thar. Now, gentle-*men* you kin go in to dinner.

They went in and found a really excellent dinner served up by the fair and gentle maiden, for which no compensation would be received. "No, no, gentle-*men*, you is soldiers fighting for your country. I'll not take a red cent." In the condition of the Confederate currency, it hardly need be said that not a red cent had been offered, nothing but Mr. Memminger's promises to pay "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States." Will the peace ever come?

So well content were they with their day's work, that they started off leaving a haversack and a canteen behind. The old lady discovered the missing articles before they had gone far, and ran after them bawling,

"Gentle-*men*, you is left some of your things, here's your *war-bag* and your *suck-jug!*"

When Confederate soldiers marched through the villages, towns and cities of the South, the patriotic ladies were wont to receive them with waving of handkerchiefs, display of little Confederate flags and presentation of flowers. They too often forgot that the poor fellows were hungry and, however appreciative of beauty and patriotism, would have preferred bacon to flowers, and rye coffee to the sweetest smiles of welcome.

A member of Hagood's South Carolina brigade, now in St. Louis, Missouri, relates an inci-

dent of this kind, connected with the march of his command through Petersburg, Va., to meet the hero of many spoons, the great man of Massachusetts, the idol of New England, the renowned Bethel-Fisher, B. F. Butler. By the way, when this distinguished individual landed at City Point, a few hours' march from Petersburg, with his 30,000 men, there were but two fragments of regiments in Petersburg. But he sat down and fortified against this handful, until Beauregard was upon him.

But we let our correspondent tell the incident in his own words:

It is highly gratifying to an old soldier of the "lost cause" to be able now and then to live over some of the scenes, which happened in the days of the Confederacy, and I know of nothing more calculated to revive these loved associations than a perusal of your charming monthly. Many a hearty laugh have I had over the funny things, which grace the columns of the "Haversack," and I send you an anecdote highly illustrative of a species of the "genus homo," who was sadly deficient in sentiment:

About the time that Kautz made his raid on Petersburg, Virginia, Hagood's brigade, which happened to be then stationed in the vicinity of Richmond, Va., was ordered to repair immediately—by one of those forced marches "which try men's *soles*"—to Petersburg, to assist in repelling the invaders. As a matter of course the citizens were highly rejoiced at the arrival of the brigade, and as it filed through the streets of the city, endeavored, by every demonstration in their power,—cheering and throwing of bouquets, to instill into their hearts fresh courage for the fight. As Nelson's battalion, which was in front, filed down the street, the line of march passed a dwelling where a large concourse of young ladies, armed with bouquets, had assembled. In Company G., 7th South Carolina battalion, there marched a tall, brusque, weather-beaten high private, glorying in the name of Rance Gardner, and known to almost every man in the army as a gallant soldier. Probably, owing to the scanty supply in his haversack of the good things of this life, Rance was evidently not participating to any great extent in the common enthusiasm, yet, still owing to his manly physique, he managed to attract the attention of a beautiful young damsel, who presented him with a most magnificent bouquet, accompanied with a many a "God bless you." Rance, who probably cared very little for flowers, except in the shape of a corn tassel, doffed his hat very politely and said—evidently much to the discomfiture of the young lady: "Look a hear, young miss, what are you throwin' them blossums at me fur—why don't ye heave me an ingan?" (onion.)

A. W. P.

In our boyish days, before we became an uncompromising Union editor, it was our fortune, or misfortune, to be in an academy presided over by one Richard D—, who had as little regard for truth as any loyal Fetich of modern times. We boys were too polite to characterize his lapses from

truth by that ugly monosyllable beginning with an l. So we called them "puns," or "Dickey's puns," and our Chief was called "Dickey the Punster."

The Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill has often brought to our mind this little episode of boyish politeness. It is a huge "pun," and its authors and supporters were enormous "punsters." They all knew that there was no truth in the statement that life and property were *then* insecure at the South. But they have taken good care to make them insecure *since*, probably from the tenderness of their consciences and their great regard for truth.

Mankind is imitative, and all the loyal Fetich have had an itching to perpetrate as big a "pun" as that of the venerable Fathers at Washington. Some of these "puns" have been duly preserved in the Haversack. We will make room for another, which, for sly humor and waggish untruth, is hard to beat.

Just after our Fetich Chief had made a call for U. S. troops, upon the ground that the rebels were arming for another uprising, he published a Proclamation in which he says: "It (the Fetich Government) has been lawfully and constitutionally established by the whole people of the State. *It is operating smoothly and harmoniously!*" We will leave it to the curious to decide which is the pun, the appeal for help or the Proclamation!!

A young lady sends us from Sparta, Tennessee, an anecdote which has been before published, with the request for its republication. Gallantry compels us to depart from our rule in regard to original anecdotes alone. We will not disoblige our fair young friend. The hero of the story was a Confederate colonel distinguished alike for his soldierly qualities and his love of fun:

A group of idle soldiers, was, the other day, standing upon one of the street corners in Dalton.—The lads had nothing else to do, and were looking out for a victim to one of those uncouth jests which the soldier is too apt to pass upon the inoffensive passer-by. At last, a figure appeared in the distance, which seemed to combine all the requisites desirable upon such occasions—simplicity, ill appearance and age. He was an old man, in an old overcoat, with padded velvet collar and patched sleeves. He wore a greasy bell-crowned hat, tough brogan shoes and was mounted upon a sorry beast. As he reached a point a little in advance of the party, the ringleader sang out at the top of his voice—

"Come out o' that coat! I see you in there! Mind your legs are wriggling out! Come out, come out o' that coat."

The old man turned fiercely.—For a moment a fit of anger seemed to flash across his face, but he regained his self-possession and rode on as the rest of the group joined in the chorus—

"C-o-m-e out o' that c-o-a-t."

When he had gotten off some hundred yards or more and the noise had lulled, he slowly turned his horse's head, and rode back.—He had noticed the individual who

had started the row, and approaching the curb where he stood, said very mildly—

"Yonng man, what is your name?"

"Jeems Jones," was pertly replied.

"And where are you from, Jeems?"

"Lawrence county, Tennessee."

"Ah, indeed. And what was the name of your father and mother?"

"William Jones and Sarah Jones."

The old man heaved a sigh.

"Yes, I thought so," he continued, "for I recognized the family likeness the moment I laid eyes on you; and little did I think, when I last saw your father and mother, my old friends William and Sarah Jones, to meet a son of theirs who would insult an inoffensive old man, and a minister of the gospel, here on the streets of Dalton. Yes, Jeems, I know both of your parents well. I was raised with them. I've knelt down and prayed with them many a time in the blessed time of peace, when you were a BABY in the cradle. And only think of what you have done to me. Here we are, poor exiled Tennesseeans, fighting in a strange land to get back to our own fire-sides. Some of us are dying or falling in battle every day. The green sod is scarce dry of the tears we have shed over some of their graves, and the air is yet full of the prayers we send up to God on high.

And yet, you, Jeems Jones, so far forgot your good old mother, and her training, and all, as to stop and insult me, an old man, and a minister of the gospel, while I am riding along, molesting nobody, but going my round of duty. I'm grieved; I ain't angry, but I'm mortified."

The old man paused. He had spoken eloquently and earnestly. The young soldier, who was doubtless a good-hearted fellow at the bottom, but thoughtless, felt the stinging reproach keenly.—Visions of home rose before his eyes as the words of a home-being fell into his ear, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. The crowd standing by looked alternately serious and quizzical. Some were inclined to giggle, but most of them were serious.

The old man saw that he had spoken with effect, and like a prudent orator, took his departure, commending "Jeems to be more thoughtful in future, and think oftener of home and home folks!"

The crowd was about to disperse, when the hero of the occasion, who had gotten a hundred yards off, turned back and approached it a second time:

"Jeems Jones!"

"Yes sir!"

"You say you are the son of William and Sarah Jones?"

"Yes sir."

"Of Lawrence county, Tennessee?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, where is that collar?"

Jones opened his eyes—

"What collar, sir?"

"That collar of hemp around your hell-fired neck, you damned, lousy, ill-mannered son of a gun!"

It was Col. Colms, of the cavalry.

EDITORIAL.

THE language of every nation is subject to three constant modifications: 1st. Words become obsolete and fall into disuse; 2d. Words lose their primitive meaning and take up a secondary one; 3d. New words are introduced to meet the wants, or the whims, of the people. The English Bible, the King James' version, marks these changes in our tongue, since the translation in 1611. There is this caution to be observed, however, in judging of alterations in the English language, by using the Bible as our standard of comparison. A word, which has once been admitted into this translation, acquires thereby, a sort of sacredness in the public mind and runs but little risk of becoming obsolete. Perhaps, it will be found upon a careful comparison, that there are more words of rare occurrence in the King James' Bible, which have come into general use than there are words of frequent occurrence in it, which have fallen into disfavor. This is owing, of course, to the reverence felt by Anglo-Saxons everywhere for this authorized version of the Holy Scriptures. As a simple illustration of this, we refer to the word "wedlock," now so frequently used, and which occurs but once in our translation. "Usurp" is found but once, and "usurper," not at all. They had no loyal Congress in the days of King James. It might surprise our sailors to learn that "waterspout" occurs but once. The word "windy" is found only once. There were no Buncombe orators in those good old days. "Loyal," is no where in the sacred volume. Thieving had not been reduced to a science, when the translation was made. The word "seducer" is found but once. The "Black Crook" and obscene pictures were not then in vogue. It will be difficult to make an old nullifier, whom craven fear has changed into a loyal Fetich and a fawning spaniel at the foot of power, believe that the word "crouch" occurs but once. His daily attitude was almost unknown to those learned translators. "Kite" is found but once; "vulture," three times; "carrion-crow," not at all.—There was no Freedmen's Bureau in those days! The lawyer may be surprised to learn that "plea" is found only once, and the politician that "follower" occurs but once.

We can recall only one word in our translation, which is wholly obsolete. The prophet Isaiah uses the word "peep," the cry of distress of the young chicken, when lost from the hen. We remember to have heard a celebrated preacher use this word with great effect, at Indianapolis, in 1859. So even it may not be obsolete. The words "sith" and "wist" are probably the next after it in least use, though still sometimes found.

We find, however, in the Acts of the Apostles, a singular expression, which can no longer be

found in our best writers, though it is eminently suited to our times. Luke, in describing the voyage to Rome of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, tells of the landing at Syracuse and then adds, and "from thence we fetched a compass to Rhegium." What is meant by "fetched a compass?"

A scientific writer contends that the mariner's compass is an English invention, because the word compass occurs in the English Bible. However, in every instance, whether employed as a verb or noun, the carpenter's compass is referred to—an instrument for describing a circle. Thus we read, "they journeyed to compass the land of Eden," i. e., to encircle or surround it. "Ye shall compass the city all ye men of war," i. e., ye shall surround it. "Thine enemies shall compass thee round about" was the prophecy in regard to Jerusalem: a line of circumvallation was to be thrown around the wicked city. Many other passages might be quoted, in which the word has a kindred signification. Our translators employed it in the same sense, in the expression under consideration. We made a circle and came to Rhegium. The French Bible expresses the sentence in this way, "*in coasting* we came to Rhegium." The Greek text sustains this rendering, and we believe that this is the accepted translation in all the modern tongues in Europe.*

The coast of Sicily is very much indented. Hence a vessel, which followed the line of the coast, would have to make many *tacks* and describe many *circles*. Their disasters had made the centurion very cautious, and he would not venture far out to sea, but coasted along in sight of land, tacking frequently to run around the numerous head-lands of the Sicilian shore. One of these tacks brought him to Rhegium, or Regium, the Royal Port, on the southern point of Italy. This city was, indeed, a royal one, owing to the munificence of Julius Cæsar, who had it built up with great splendor.

Now this expression in Acts is so expressive that we regret that it has fallen into disuse. It tells the history of one notorious renegade and doubtless of many another, who has got into Regium, the Royal Port of favor and patronage, after numerous tacks and curious circles, *all made in sight of land*, without risking life and limb far out at sea. First, he was a Democrat, a tack brought him round to be a Whig. The ship is brought about, and lo! a Democrat once more, and a fierce Yankee-hater and fiery pro-slavery advocate. Another tack, the glorious Union light-house looms up. Tack again, the Ordinance of Secession is passed. "Keep close to shore and tack once more," (the Ode to Calhoun has inspired a rhyming mood) Gettysburg and the dear old flag come in sight. Tack again, what now? "unalterable opposition to negro suffrage." Tack again, "manhood suffrage, all men must be equal before the law." A favoring breeze, the Royal Port is in view! No tack-

* Literally, to come round, *to wander about.*

ing needed now! lo! Regium is just ahead! the Fetich crown awaits him!! Home at last!!!

The second modification of language relates to the change in the meaning of words. It is a curious fact and proving the corruption of human nature, that the change is generally from a good sense to a bad one. The most noted instance of this is "prevent" and its derivatives, which is always used in a favorable sense in our translation. The word literally means to "go before," but as the first comer is always first served or always first serves himself, the original import has been changed into to obstruct, to hinder, to debar. Daniel says: "Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness," i. e., thou goest before him with these blessings.—Similar to this is the prayer in the Episcopal Liturgy: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." Paul tells us that at the resurrection, the living "shall not prevent them who are asleep," i. e., the living will be no sooner at the Judgment Bar than the dead.—"Jesus prevented him, saying, Simon, &c.," i. e., he *anticipated* the question of Simon.

One of the most remarkable uses of the word, in a favorable sense, is to be found in Job. "Why did the knees prevent me?" why was I dandled on the knee? What a sad proof is this deterioration of words of the deterioration of morals in 277 years. *Then*, the one before, the ruler, the man in authority, was supposed to be there to bless. *Now*, he is known to be there to hinder, to obstruct, to debar, and to destroy. Let us have peace.

In the third place, the wants of society or its caprices have introduced a variety of new words, not in vogue, two hundred years ago. As we have seen, the English version is without the word "loyal," and the lack of it must have been a serious inconvenience to the preachers of blood-shed and rapine, during the four years of war. This defect may, possibly, account for their abandonment of the Scriptures during that period, and the substitution of politics as more appropriate to the season.

This word first came into repute during the reign of Charles II. from 1660 to 1685. The truly loyal of that period were those, who like the monarch, were drunken, profane and licentious. The sober, reverential and chaste were regarded as rebels, unworthy to live or to hold property. At this time, we understand the truly loyal to be the enormously thievish. At least, Don Piatt, honest Ben Wade, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony and other Republican authorities, quoted previously in this Magazine, authorize us to understand the phrase in that sense. It may be, however, that the style of the Court of Charles II. will be adopted and only those, who act like the sovereign, will be entitled to the distinction of being regarded as truly loyal. The men, who smoke cigars all day long and fall down before a glass of whiskey, will bear the proud title.

The most remarkable omission in the text of 1611 is the "old flag." It is hardly to be wondered at, that loyal preachers gave up

such a Bible. When they turned to their Calmet and Cruden, they found "flag" to mean simply a flaunting, worthless weed, which was painfully suggestive of Greeley's "flaunting lie." In this translation of 1611, there was a great deal said about charity, brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, justice, mercy, holiness. No wonder that these men of blood scouted at such a book and preached their own gospel of hate, revenge, wrong-doing, cruelty, theft and murder. Let us have peace!

A Contented Philosopher.—There is nothing like calm resignation under unavoidable misfortunes. The heroism of fortitude is not less admirable than the heroism of courage. His Excellency, the Governor of Tennessee says, that he would rather go to hell with a loyal negro, than to Heaven with a white rebel. We are pleased that His Excellency has reconciled himself to his future prospects. He accepts gracefully the inevitable situation!

The recent elections demonstrate the power of hate. The men, who denounced Grant as a drunkard and a nincompoop, wrote for him, lied for him, bribed for him, fought for him and voted for him. The men, who declared that the Republican Party was the most corrupt upon earth and that every office-holder was a thief, used every effort to perpetuate the rule of the thieves. The men, who went frantic at any allusion to Andersonville, compassed sea and land to effect the election of Grant, after they had learned assuredly that he was responsible for all the suffering there. The men, who looked with horror at the proposition to let a few negroes vote in their own State, where this vote would amount to nothing, gave their support to the Party, which avows as its main principle, negro-supremacy over ten States. The men, who wished for economy and reform, voted for the continuance in power of a wasteful, an extravagant and a thievish set of miscreants. The men, who are most noted as levelers in society and opposed to all social distinctions, voted for the establishment of a shoddy aristocracy founded upon the bonds of the Government. The men, who profess to idolize the Constitution of the United States, gave their hearty, earnest and cordial support to the Party, which seeks to destroy it and two of the coordinate Departments of the Government. The men, who know that without the products of the South, the Government must soon become bankrupt, voted for the continuance of the negro Bureau and the other measures, which have destroyed the rice crop totally, reduced the sugar crop to a fifth of its former yield, the tobacco crop to a third, and the cotton to less than half.

The explanation of this inconsistency is found in the fact that hate is stronger than convictions of duty, than professions, than principles, than self-interest itself. These men, who allied themselves with the party of hate and ruin, wish not merely the subjugation and degradation of the South, but

the extermination of the Southern race of whites.

The good Old North State has got into the glorious Union at last! We are as happy as—Tennessee!! We were promised great blessings upon getting home under the dear old flag. Well, we *have* got great things, but a comparison of the past with the present will be necessary to determine whether they are blessings.

Then, we had orderly white troops among us under the command of United States officers, and gentlemen. Now, we have over us a negro rabble in the United States service. Then, we had county and municipal officers of our own choosing. Now, we have the appointees of our Fetich Chief, negro-aldermen, negro-police, negro-magistrates, &c., &c. Then, we were under the control of Bomford and Lazelle, gentlemen by birth and education. Gentlemen in culture, refinement and good-feeling. Now, we have as our rulers the vilest of mankind, whom no gentleman would allow to enter his kitchen. One of the highest of these officials was detected in a beastly crime: another served a term in a Northern penitentiary: a third was a brutal negro-trader, notorious for his cruelty: a fourth is openly charged with horse-stealing by more than one newspaper in Indiana. Room for the lepers!

In all the Southern States except two, the negroes have preferred the carpet-bagger to the scallawag—the Yankee adventurer to the Southern renegade.

Masser Brownlow and Masser Holden constitute the sole exceptions. The former was so strong a pro-slavery man that he went to Philadelphia and had there a very disgraceful debate with an Abolitionist, as low as himself. The latter was the special pro-slavery champion in this State, and persecuted every one who did not recognize slavery as the greatest of blessings. He succeeded in driving out of the State, Hedrick and Helper because of their opposition to this institution. The negroes, like the party of great moral ideas, do not seem disposed to inquire about the antecedents of their Fetich leaders. The simple question is, "are they base enough for our present purposes?"

The Wrong Deity.—In the palmy days of Rome, it was considered unpatriotic to invoke any stranger God—one, whose image was not in the Pantheon. A Fetich leader at Raleigh, N. C., in a recent inflammatory speech to his negro compeers said: "I invoke the God of turpentine to envelop with flames the houses of rebels."—The Fetich leader violated the Roman rule, he had no right to invoke a stranger God, he should have called upon the Deity of his own region—the God of *brimstone*, and not of turpentine.

The sketch of the celebrated Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, is an extract from the *Picayune*. It was sent to us by an esteemed officer of that command, with the request for its publication. We regret that we

had not space for the names of the officers, who took the field and surrendered with this famous command. We are always pleased to see such sketches as these. The French have an admirable rule of furnishing what are called *memoires pour servir* at the close of a war. It is considered indecorous and in bad taste to write a history till the actors have passed off the stage. These *memoires* furnish the data for the future historian.

Had this simple rule of good taste and good feeling been observed, the South would have been spared the deep humiliation of the "Lost Cause," of Mr. E. A. Pollard—a pretended history, but in fact, a rare amalgam of venom and ignorance. There was not a drummer boy or colored servant in Lee's army, who had not more accurate knowledge of the battles of the late war than the bomb-proof penny-a-liner, who set himself up as their chronicler.

Mr. Manigault's "Defence of Beast Butler" is unjust to the troops, which fought under McClellan. We never once heard "Little Mac." or any of his officers accused of soiling their hands with plunder. The Army of the Potomac under his leadership conducted war upon civilized principles. He did all in his power to ameliorate its horrors. Porter, Franklin, Gibbon, Stone, Sykes, Newton, Clitz, Buell, Hayden and scores of others were as distinguished for their courage on the field, as for their chivalry and courtesy in private life. As a general rule, the officers the most to be feared in battle were the most generous and humane. The thieves and plunderers, the murderers and bummers were the veriest imbeciles on the field.—Butler, Schenck, McNeill, Geary, Burbridge, Turchin, Schurz, Milroy and Kilpatrick were as harmless as sucking doves in the presence of enemies one-third their strength. Still, it is undeniable that with thousands, including officers of high rank, it was a war for plunder. The atrocious declaration of Sherman that rebels had no rights of person and property gave sanction to theft, robbery, rape, arson and murder.—The "march to the sea" was as infamous as any of the desolating raids of Attila, the Hun.

We copy from a valued Democratic exchange, the *Idaho World*, the following choice extract:

Rough but Graphic.—Col. E. H. Townley, late of the Federal army, and a prominent convert from Radicalism, made a facetious speech before the Democratic club in Baltimore, a few nights since. His experience of army life is edifying, and we extract a leaf from it for public delectation. Read this:

"I will bet that they will not get a Jew vote; I was there when that order was issued. It was just before the Yazoo Pass expedition at Helena. Every Jew was put ashore. A Jew friend of mine was placed at night on the river bank with $7,000 worth of goods. The next morning there was not a remnant of his property left. Why did they send them back? Was it because they feared their honesty and patriotism?—No; because some generals were fearful that somebody would get more cotton than they did. I have seen officers buy whole

steamboat loads at twenty-five cents a bale. I once bought thirty-six bales from a negro for $2.60 and thought I was paying a high price. [Laughter.] It was worth 65 cents a pound.

"*The war was for plunder and to dissolve the Union. I tell you so because I was in it. I never took a red-hot stove, but I waited one day four hours for one to cool.* [Laughter.] *I happened to turn my back for a minute and some one had taken it away.*"

Buffoon Beecher tells us that the Confederates, who fell in resisting this plunder and robbery, are now filling "dishonored graves." We repeat a sentiment expressed once before. We had rather be the plundered than the plunderers. We had rather belong to the desolated region, than to the country which desolated it. We will gather our rags around us and believe them to be more honorable than the royal robes of victory. We will sit down in "the ashes of southern homes" and cast no looks of envy towards the palaces built in the tears and blood of a once happy nation.

We believe that at no period in our history have the illustrated papers of the North been so freely taken at the South. These belong invariably to three classes, the trashy, the sensational and the libelous. Bonner's *Ledger* is the type of the first class; *Leslie* and *Day's Doings* of the second; and *Harper* of the third. The first is simply worthless, the second is licentious, and the third slanderous to the last degree. If time were not a precious gift, for the right use of which which we are responsible to the Donor, the hours and days wasted over the trashy might be regarded as a trifle. But time is inexpressibly valuable to us now, and it is criminal to throw it away upon frivolous nonsense. We would raise our warning voice especially against the filthy, obscene and terribly licentious sensational papers, which are hawked about our streets and sold in every car that rolls through our impoverished country. The fiends are seeking to make the moral desolation as great as the physical.

The libelous class of weeklies and monthlies are not so mischievous as the sensational. If our people love to read slanders upon themselves, let them do so. But let them recollect that these libels will effect the tender minds of their children, and that persistent falsehood often becomes a part of history. The next generation may believe that their martyr-sires did fill "dishonored graves."

We transfer to our columns some pertinent remarks on this subject from the Raleigh, N. C. *Sentinel*, a journal which has endeared itself to every honest man in the State, by its noble conflict with the loyal Fetich and the powers of darkness.

Illustrated Papers.—Some Southern people have a very strange appreciation of their own self-respect and personal honor, who will patronize the Harper's Illustrated publications and others, which are constantly representing falsely, by ill-tempered caricatures, the manners and *status* of Southern people. We believe sensational papers of any kind and in the interest of any party are grossly demoralizing and injurious to the peace and well being of so-

ciety. The Radicals charge the Southern people with being rebellious and hostile to the North. If so, the Southern people have a strange way of showing it. There are three Northern papers taken in the South to every one of their home papers, and it would seem that frequently the more abusive of, and lying they are upon, the Southern people, the more they are patronized. We want peace; hence, we should cease reading those papers, which misrepresent us and excite ill-feeling in us towards the North.

We have received a letter from Capt. E. W. Hoffman, now at Charleston, S. C., and lately Assistant Inspector General of 1st division, 19th Army corps, (Federal troops,) correcting some alleged errors in Col. Bonner's account of the battle of Mansfield, Louisiana.

As the aim of both our correspondent and ourselves, is to do justice to all parties, and as the letter of Capt. Hoffman is courteous, we publish his statement with pleasure:

GENERAL:

I have perused the description of the "Battle of Mansfield, La., by Col. Bonner," in your October number, and for the sake of justice to both parties engaged in said battle, I would beg permission to correct an error into which the Colonel, unknowingly, has fallen, and to add a few items of explanation.

The troops engaged on the Federal side, with Gen. Mouton's division, were the "Advance Guard" of the army, under Gen. Banks, composed of Mounted Infantry and Cavalry, about 2,500 strong.

You, General, are aware, that "Mounted Infantry" does not fight mounted, and of how many (only too willing) men it takes to hold the horses during a fight; I will, therefore, leave to you the approximation of the force actually engaged on the "Federal side" in the commencement.

The (six) guns captured, were not taken in action, but were left hemmed in by baggage-wagons, of the (driven back) Advance Guard, in a forest road, where it was impossible to remove them.

The large Federal reinforcement, did not consist of the 16th Army Corps, but was only the 1st division, 19th Army Corps, numbering at that time, about 5,000 men.

This division was in the act of going into camp (after a 12 mile march) when the order came "to go to the front," to assist the cavalry; after double-quicking about 8 miles, it was brought into action by a "forward into line," and by its steady fire brought the advancing, and up to that time, victorious Confederates to a halt, and finally made them fall back.

Thus ended the Battle of Mansfield, Louisiana.

P. S. I neglected to state "that the stand the Colonel speaks of seven miles from the first field, was not made by the retreating cavalry, but by a brigade of the 13th Army Corps, under Gen. Ransom.

We stated in our July number that four or five articles in Mr. E. A. Pollard's book, "Lee and

his Lieutenants" were taken, without acknowledgment, from this Magazine. We have since seen a book called "Grey Jackets" which is almost a compilation from our monthly; credit being sometimes given, but most generally no acknowledgment whatever.

We have come near being amenable to the same charge of plagiarism. The poem called "Anita," was sent to us in manuscript, by the author. After it had been printed, we found the same poem in the *School Day Visitor*, of Philadelphia. The author explains that he had sent it a year ago to the Philadelphia publisher, and not hearing of its acceptance, had sent it to us.

To Contributors.—We have poetry (?) enough on hands to last us seven years and five months. If, at the end of that period, we are alive and well, we will lift the flood-gates and let the deluge in. Until then, we will keep them *down;* by *them*, we mean the flood-gates and not the poets.

Persons sending serials and lengthy articles will oblige us by enclosing stamps. Their pieces will, in that case, be returned, invariably, on the day of their reception.

We regret exceedingly that we overlooked till too late for insertion in this number, an article from our gallant and esteemed friend, Col. Wm. Byrd, of Virginia. The Colonel thinks that his command and himself have been reflected upon, by the article in a previous number called the "Battle of Mansfield." We feel sure that no reflection was intended, and upon such a man was impossible. We will give place in our next number to the paper of Col. Byrd. In simple justice to ourselves, we would state that if we had dreamed that any reflection was intended, we would have instantly rejected the article. We leave the censorship of Confederate officers to the non-combatant school of writers. But we would reject, with indignant scorn, the publication of any article imputing fault to so tried and true an officer as Col. Byrd.

The speech of Hon. John Q. Adams, of Massachusetts, at Columbia, S. C., was so much in the mystic style of the Delphic Oracle that it has been quoted upon both sides. The Democrats find great comfort in it, and the Radicals are charmed with it. A Philadelphia lawyer cannot tell from the speech, to which party the great man belongs.

The explanation, of the dual utterances of the illustrious descendant of a line of Presidents, is easy. Having left the land of steady habits, and got beyond the malign influence of a certain odious Maine law, the renowned statesman *saw double* at many points on the road, and it is not wonderful that he *talked double* occasionally.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—We would call especial attention to our Baltimore advertisements.—That noble city, which has done so much for the suffering South, has peculiar claims upon our people. The two Universities, Washington University and Maryland

University deserve the fullest patronage. The former admits, without charge, into the Medical Department one wounded Confederate soldier from each Congressional District, in the late slaveholding States, who has proper recommendations. Baltimore being an importing and manufacturing city, every thing can be found there which the Northern cities make or import. In the Dry Goods line, Whitely Brothers, and W. Devries & Co., can be fully relied upon as merchants and honorable men. Gaddess Brothers, and Bevan & Sons have as beautiful marble work as can be found in this country. Bickford & Huffman's Grain Drill is a deserved favorite in all parts of the United States. Our genial friend, R. Q. Taylor, keeps an elegant assortment of hats and furs. Thos. Godey and R. Renwick & Son are large manufacturers of beautiful and substantial furniture. The pianos of Knabe and Stieff are favorably known everywhere. We can only refer in general terms to the Bankers and Brokers, Wilson, Colston & Co. and Brown, Lancaster & Co: for Clothing, to Noah Walker & Co., and Shipley, Roane & Co.: for Drugs, to Burrough Brothers: for Fertilizers, to G. Ober, B. M. Rhodes and Patapsco Guano Company: for Guns and Pistols, to Alexander McComas: for Hotels, to the Howard House: for Hardware, to Cortlan & Company: for Millinery, to Armstrong, Cator & Company: for Cedar Ware, to Lord and Robinson: for Jewelry, to Canfield & Brothers: for Sewing Machines, to Grover & Baker: for India Rubber Goods, to W. G. Maxwell: for Saddles, Harness, &c., to John D. Hammond: for Hominy Mill to Richard Cromwell.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, By Frank H. Alfriend, late Editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger." Caxton Publishing House—1868.

There is a disposition in the whole human race to admire those qualities in others, which we do not possess ourselves. This disposition may prompt us to covet those qualities and envy their possessor, or it may expend itself in sincere and simple admiration. Thus, the weak covet strength, and, it may be, envy the strong. The ignorant often envy the learned. The poor may envy the rich and covet his stores.

To the honor of human nature, be it said, that there can be admiration without envy or covetousness. Women admire courage and honor the brave without a particle of invidious feeling. The most unsightly hero is a charming object in their eyes. Lady Hamilton thought Lord Nelson was an Apollo in beauty and grace. Women adore courage and Quakers love to talk of military men.

The principle was illustrated

during the war by bomb-proofs and non-combatants. These would collect in the corners of the street, criticise army movements and tell how the victory would have been won, but for the blunders of this and that officer. It never seemed to occur to these *savans* that they were bound as patriots to go to the front and give Lee, Johnston and Beauregard, the benefit of their military knowledge. But they had an irrepressible mania to talk about the war, because they had all a woman's admiration for feats of prowess. These street-warriors were the laughing-stock of the soldiers, and their criticisms made rare sport around the camp-fire.

But it is quite another thing, when the lecture at the lamp-post is put in a book and called *history*. We could smile at the rant in the street, but we feel bound to rebuke the profanation of history. Mr. E. A. Pollard, who never saw a battle-field, criticises quite freely the strategy of Mr. Davis, and the campaigns of Gen. Lee. Mr. Frank H. Alfriend, Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Non-combatant, &c., &c., points out the faults of Joe Johnston and the blunders of Beauregard! We live in a modest age!!

We regard this book as a great misfortune to Mr. Davis. In his arduous and responsible position, he had made many bitter enemies. But as the scape-goat for our people, the vicarious sufferer for a whole nation, he is sacred in the eyes of all of Southern birth and noble sentiments. It is then deeply to be regretted on Mr. D's. account, that a book should come out at this time, which assails all whom he was supposed to dislike, and commends all who were considered his "pets." The country has its opinion of certain civil and military officers, and we imagine that neither the partiality of Mr. Davis, nor the eloquence of Mr. Alfriend can alter that opinion. In fact, no one will care that he estimates the ability of men by the greatness of their failures,—the officer, who inflicts the greatest disaster being, in his view, the most meritorious. The poor Confederate has nothing left him but his good name, and it is always pleasant to learn that one has been praised, whether deservedly or otherwise.

For the same reason, it is painful to see a Confederate soldier traduced, especially, if the censure comes from one who encountered no perils, and endured no sufferings in our unequal struggle for Constitutional freedom. The book everywhere shows a very bad spirit towards Gen. Joe Johnston. We will quote a single passage in proof: "The destruction of valuable material, (at Manassas) including an extensive meat-curing establishment, containing large supplies of meat, and established by the Government, which ensued upon the evacuation of Manassas, elicited much exasperated censure. Similar occurrences at the evacuation of Yorktown, a few weeks later, revived a most unpleasant recollection of some incidents in the retreat from Manassas. The extravagant destruction of property, in many instances apparently reckless and wanton, marking the movements

of the Confederate armies at this period, was a bitter sarcasm upon the practice, by many of its prominent officers, of that economy of resources which the necessities of the Confederacy so imperatively demanded."

The "late editor of the Southern Literary Messenger" has thought proper to make his sentences somewhat obscure, and his English difficult of comprehension. But it is plain that he intends a fling at Johnston for wasteful destruction or abandonment of property at Manassas and Yorktown. Now we were not at the former place, and will not imitate Mr. Alfriend, in speaking of things of which we have no personal knowledge. But we were at Yorktown, and we give it as our deliberate opinion (and would do so on oath) that there never was, in history, a retreat of so large a force with so little unnecessary destruction of property.—Gen. Johnston divided his line, extending from York river to the James, into three parts, right, centre and left. The editor of this magazine commanded the left wing, which included Yorktown and the adjacent posts, where were all our stores. The infantry left Yorktown at dark on the night of the retreat. The heavy artillery remained till midnight and kept up an incessant firing. The writer remained in Yorktown after the artillerists had all gone, and he inspected every thing left behind and knows that nothing of value was abandoned which could be removed, save some medical stores of no great amount. The medical officer (Dr. Coffin) had neglected to remove them, as ordered, and charges were brought against him for his neglect. The heavy guns could not be removed, of course; and, besides them, there was nothing of any importance left behind, and *nothing whatever was destroyed.*

We think that Gen. McClellan would be as much surprised as any one else to learn, either that he had taken vast stores from Johnston, or that he had compelled Johnston to destroy vast stores to avoid capture. He assuredly found neither the plunder nor the evidences of its destruction.

The whole thing is a myth.—Yorktown was not so far from Richmond that Mr. Alfriend, a resident of Richmond, could not have gained accurate information of what occurred on the retreat. The writer of this was in charge of all the stores at Yorktown and never heard of this wasteful destruction, until the publication of Mr. Alfriend's book. In other parts of his book, when Mr. A. assails Gen. Johnston, it is in order to vindicate the hero of his story. But in this instance, it seems to be a gratuitous and uncalled for wrong.

There is much of real value in this book, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Frank H. Alfriend did not confine himself to the matters he understood. His military criticisms are not worth a button.

It will be seen that, as a general rule, his estimate of men and measures is just the reverse of that entertained by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thou-

sand of the Southern people. We are inclined to think that Mr. Frank H. Alfriend and the small fraction cannot change the opinion of the overwhelming majority.

No championship of Mr. Davis can add to his great fame, can bring another friend to his side, or soften the asperity of a single enemy. His sublime and uncomplaining silence has, hitherto, been his most eloquent vindication. Indiscreet friends can dim the lustre of his bright career, malignant enemies can do him no injury. It is a pity that the biographer did not know this fact. It is a greater pity that he forgot his assumed position of impartial historian, and descended to a partisanship so bitter as to involve wrong and injustice to some of the ablest and noblest of our Confederate officers.

Until the end of time, women and non-combatants will delight to talk and write about military achievements. The former are always generous and love to cover up the faults and blunders of those, who endured many hardships and encountered many perils for a loved and cherished cause. The latter are too often censorious, and with apparent pleasure, undertake the ungracious task of exposing neglects of duty, mistakes and weaknesses. In that case, we may be shocked at the bad taste of the non-combatant writer, and we may think that modesty should have restrained him from daubing with ink a veteran of the war; but we will not question his historic accuracy with the facts and figures on his side. We can, however, find no language too strong to express our disapprobation of his course, when he adds to the bad taste of the non-combatant critic, the misrepresentations of the prejudiced partisan.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. By Alex. H. Stephens. National Publishing House. 1868:

This is a great book, full of learning, labor, thought and *truth*.

Mr. Stephens has thrown his book into the form of colloquies between three visitors from the North, to Liberty Hall, his residence at Crawfordville, Georgia. The first of these visitors is a Radical, of the straitest sect; the second is a moderate Republican; the third is a war Democrat.

The first conversation opens with the expression of surprise, on the part of the Radical, that Mr. Stephens, a well known Union man, should have identified himself with the South in her struggle for Constitutional liberty.—This brings up the whole question of State-Rights, and Mr. Stephens has produced a historic argument for the truth of this doctrine, which cannot be answered. In fact, we believe that no attempt will ever be made to answer it.—The Consolidationists are afraid of it, else Mr. Davis would have been tried long ago.

The first volume contains 654 pages, on clean, white paper, with excellent typography and finish. It has, moreover, seven illustrations, a view of Liberty Hall, a portrait of Jefferson, of Washington, of Webster, of Clay, of Calhoun, and of Andrew Jackson.

This volume is very largely

made up of extracts and quotations. Thus more than 40 pages are taken up with Mr. Calhoun's great speech of the 26th February, 1833, upon the Constitution. Mr. Stephens says of this speech, that Mr. Webster made no rejoinder. "He followed with a few remarks only, disavowing any personal unkind feeling to Mr. Calhoun, explaining how he had used the term 'Constitutional compact,' in 1830; and attempting to parry one or two of the blows, but he never made any set reply or rejoinder. He never came back at his opponent at all on the real questions at issue. Mr. Calhoun stood master of the arena. This speech of his was not answered then, it has not been answered since, and in my judgment, never will be, or can be answered while truth has its legitimate influence, and reason controls the judgments of men!"

We believe that no honest and unprejudiced man can read this book, without being thoroughly convinced in his inmost soul, that the Southern interpretation of the Constitution was the true one. It is a most timely addition to the literature of the country, and spite of the madness and infatuation of the hour, may do something towards arresting the tyranny of centralization.

THE CAROLINA FARMER, A Monthly Magazine. Published at Wilmington, N. C. Price, $2.00.

This is an admirable agricultural magazine of 31 pages of reading matter. We need just such a publication in our State, and it should have a large circulation. The time has passed when the farmer could cultivate his fields in a random, careless manner and have full cribs and gin-houses, at the end of the year. Our exhausted soil and demoralized system of labor call for a change in the old, unscientific, routine. We must husband our resources, improve our soil and bring the lights of science and experience to our aid.

The number of the *Farmer* before us has a happy blending of theory and practice, of original and well-selected matter. The name of the Editor and Proprietor, (Wm. H. Bernard) is a guarantee that the monthly will supply an important want.

THE *Southern Son*

Is a neat monthly of 37 pages, published at Nashville, Tennessee, in the interests of the Sons of Temperance. Price, $2.00 per annum. The number before us has a handsome engraving of Moses striking the rock.

ALASKA.—A SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA,

Is an amusing burlesque of Mr. Seward's great purchase. Those, who wish to enjoy a rich treat of fun and sarcasm, would do well to send to the Publishers, E. J. Hale & Sons, 16 Murray Street, New York.

THE SEMINARY MAGAZINE

Is a new literary and educational monthly, published at Richmond, Va., 64 pages of reading matter. Price, $1.50 per annum. There are four illustrations in the

number before us, and the reading matter is excellent.

THE "LOIL" LEGISLATURE, OF ALABAMA

Is an amusing pamphlet of 56 pages, published by R. W. Offutt & Co., of Montgomery, Alabama. The author has wisely confined himself to the sayings and doings of the loyal Fetich. It is impossible to libel them, impossible to say anything half so extravagant about them, as the simple publication of what they did and what they said. The pictures, therefore, are failures. In one of these, the scallawag is represented as blacking the brogans of a dirty corn-field negro. This fails immeasurably to express the degradation of the scallawag. Blacking the brogans of the filthiest and most brutish negro is a noble employment, in comparison with the daily dirty work of the miserable scallawag.

THE LAND WE LOVE

Is a charming piece of music dedicated to the editor of the monthly of the same name, and composed by Professor Charles O. Pape, of Bowling Green, Kentucky. Professor Pape is well known as a scholar and musician, and this tribute from him to our beloved South is gratefully appreciated.

CALLAMURA, By Julia Pleasants. Philadelphia. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Publishers.

This novel is from the pen of one of the most popular writers of the South, and we hope that the fair author may find many readers. She deserves success.

THE CHARACTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON, By John Warwick Daniel.

This is the best analysis, we have had the fortune to see, of the character of *the* hero of the war. It is just and discriminating, and many passages are marked with great power and eloquence. Mr. Daniel has wisely ignored all the anecdotes, which disfigure the sensational biographers. We have never read a single anecdote of the General, from Bee's giving him the name of Stonewall down to the more recent invention of the reliable gentleman, which bore the slightest marks of authenticity.

PIEDMONT

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF VIRGINIA.

FOR LIFE INSURANCE ONLY.

This popular and much favored company of the South has scarcely known an infancy, but has, as it were, sprung into existence in full vigor and maturity, and now numbers among its long list of policy-holders many of the best and bravest in the land—ministers of the Gospel and laymen: it also has peculiar and unrivalled features that commend the "Piedmont" to the mechanic and laborer, by giving the largest amount of insurance for the least amount of premium—with dividends besides! With a Real Estate basis, and an

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL OF $1,000,000

And 87 1-2 per cent. of Profits to be divided among Policy-Holders,

and carrying now a

PROFIT OF 75 PER CENT.,

Those interested in this company feel that they have made a good investment and anticipate for the Piedmont

A BRILLIANT FUTURE.

At its present term of life it has outstripped some 30 odd of the best Northern companies for a similar period.

Its plans embrace the very best tables of the best companies in the world—one of which **Returns all the Premiums with the amount Insured.** Another gives **$10,000** for the same cash premium—that some of the crack Northern companies **only give $5,000,** with a prospect of a long dividend besides.

The Piedmont offers future protection against want to mothers and children on terms so moderate as to be accessible to all. This company has been built up and will be sustained by men of the highest character for probity and ability. We say to all, take your policies in this company. Let us sustain each other. In doing this, we shall help to build up and sustain the Land we Love.

CERTIFICATE.

NELSON COURT HOUSE, VA., March 25, 1867.

The undersigned, officers of the County of Nelson, and State of Virginia, take pleasure in recommending as a solvent and reliable company, "The Piedmont Real Estate Insurance Company," of this County; and besides the merit of its solvency, its rates and terms for Life Insurance are such as to commend it to public patronage.

Its Stockholders, Directors and Officers are men of high integrity, and patrons can rely on an honorable, efficient management of its affairs.

None of us have stock or other personal interest in this company, and simply give this as disinterested testimony to the merits of a good institution.

GEO. S. STEVENS, Clerk Circuit Court,
JOHN F. HIX, Sheriff,
WM. A. HILL, Surveyor,
S. H. LOVING, Clerk County Court.

—o—

W. A. WILLIAMS, Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

Traveling Agents wanted. Apply to JAMES F. JOHNSTON, Special Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

Also for insurance against loss or damage by fire! Apply to

W. A. WILLIAMS, Agent,

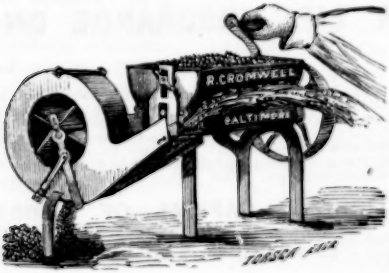
Office over Hammond & McLaughlin's Store.

July—1y*

McDOWELL & BAECHTEL,

PATENT

FAMILY HOMINY MILL WITH FAN ATTACHMENT.



THIS FAMILY HOMINY MILL was invented some years since, and has constantly been improved, until it is a perfect Machine. It combines in its manufacture, Durability, Strength, Reliability, and Simplicity. It is considered the best MILL of its kind, made in America. Hundreds of farmers in all the States testify to its making "the very best Table Hominy, and say it is a complete success; and that every Farmer should buy one." As exclusive sole agent for the United States, I keep constantly on hand a full stock of the above Mills. The trade supplied at liberal discount. Full Directions accompany each mill. Retail price, in Baltimore, for each mill, $8.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

Dealer in Agricultural Implements, Field and Garden Seeds, and Proprietor of Patapsco Nursery, 35 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

Oct—3m

SAMUEL CHILD & CO.,

No. 20 North Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

IMPORTERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

China, Glass, Table Cutlery, Family Hardware, Plated Goods, &c.,

And Manufacturers of

TIN, WOODEN AND JAPANNED WARE,

And KITCHEN FURNITURE of every character.

July—6m*

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

229 BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

July—6m*

CORTLAN & CO.,

Nos. 216 and 218 Baltimore St.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Family Hardware, Table Cutlery, Plated Goods, China, Glass & Queensware,

BRONZES, CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS, &C.

July—6m*.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

—o—

GADDESS BROS.

Successors to Alexander Gaddess,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

Corner Sharp and German Streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS and HEADSTONES of American and Italian Marble, of Original Design, always on hand.

July—6m*

THOMAS CODEY,

MANUFACTURER OF

CABINET FURNITURE,

No. 41 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Chamber, Parlor, Library and Dining Sets constantly on hand and made to order.

July—6m*

ROBERT RENWICK. JOHN A. RENWICK.

R. RENWICK & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cabinet Furniture, Spring and Hair Mattrasses, Parlor and Library Mirrors,

Importers and Dealers in Lace Curtains, Brocatelle and Upholstery Goods,

NO. 92 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

July—6m* **BALTIMORE, MD.**

HOWARD HOUSE,

NOS. 5 and 7 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

TWO DOORS FROM BALTIMORE-STREET.

STAGES will be at the Depots on arrival of trains, also at the steamers on their arrival, to convey guests and their baggage to the House.

BULL & SEWELL, Proprietors.

TERMS $2.50 PER DAY. July—6m*

"WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE,"

IS a saying of the past. Woman's work—or at least that portion of it most dreaded and continual—her sewing—is now speedily and beautifully done by the aid of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which, while it lessens the labor, adds to the excellence of the sewing by the strength, elasticity, and durability of its work.

A Child can operate a Grover & Baker

Sewing Machine. It sews from two common spools, makes a stitch stronger than that made by hand, and its simplicity is marvelous in comparison to its capacity.

Health, Time and Money are economized by the use of a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine. They are unlimited in their capacity, and unexcelled in their excellence. The merit of embroidering—which these machines alone possess, and which style of trimming is now so popular—renders them *par excellence*, the most desirable of any in use.

SALESROOMS, 181 BALTIMORE-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

July—6m*

WILSON, COLSTON & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

144 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Buy and sell all Southern Securities, State, City and Railroad; also BANK NOTES, and transact a General Banking business in all its branches.

Orders by mail from country correspondents promptly and faithfully executed.

July—6m*

THE NEW JEWELRY STORE!

—o—

BOOGHER BROTHERS

Having removed from the Southern Hotel to

No. 417 Olive Street,

Have opened with an entirely Fresh Stock of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, AND FANCY GOODS.

Their stock of

SOLID AND PLATED SILVER WARE

Cannot be excelled in the City.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted

PRECIOUS STONES RE-SET.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

☞ **Everything Warranted as Represented.** ☜

—o—

BOOGHER BROTHERS,

No. 417 OLIVE STREET, between 4th and 5th,

St. Louis, Mo.

Nov—6m*

KOOPMANN'S
BITTERS.

I take pleasure in informing the public at large that I have again made preparations for the manufacture, on a scale adequate to the increased demand, of the so well and favorably known

"KOOPMANN'S BITTERS,"

the virtues of which have become as familiar as household words, as can be attested by hundreds of families who have used it with unvarying success in all cases of

Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhea,

and all Bowel Affections,

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Chills and Fevers, &c.,

and by thousands of North Carolina soldiers in the late war, who have found it, in the different miasmatic diseases contracted in camp, a safe and certain cure.

This remedy is so well known that any recommendation is deemed utterly unnecessary, although I can refer with pride *to actual consumers in your midst who are willing to testify to its efficacy.*

Wholesale and retail at my store in Charlotte, N. C., and at all Druggists,

B. KOOPMANN.

Aug—1868